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MISCELLANEOUS  
POEMS  
BY  
THE LATE J. H. MOSS.



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# MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS.

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BY THE LATE J. H. MOSS,

Calder House Academy, Hebden Bridge.

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LONDON:

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## PREFACE.

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THE following Poems are submitted to the public, in the fondly cherished hope that they will not be entirely unappreciated. Though one cannot expect for them that cordial reception which endeared relationship might prompt, yet it is pleasing to reflect that true poetic feeling finds a response in every kindred breast. In claiming for many of the following pieces the above characteristic, viz., true poetic feeling, we trust that our judgment is not biased by filial attachment alone, since no less a judge than the late JAMES MONTGOMERY, recommended their publication above thirty years ago. Since that time many pieces have been added, which, we trust, will increase the interest in the Work.

As a memento of departed worth—as being not only highly moral but truly evangelical—the volume is recommended to the candour of the reader, in the pleasing hope that its perusal will be truly beneficial.

G. H. MOSS.

Hebden Bridge, April, 1862.



To

JOHN HORNER, ESQ..

ARTIST, HALIFAX,

LONG THE INTIMATE FRIEND OF

THE AUTHOR,

This Volume

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THE BEREAVED

FAMILY.



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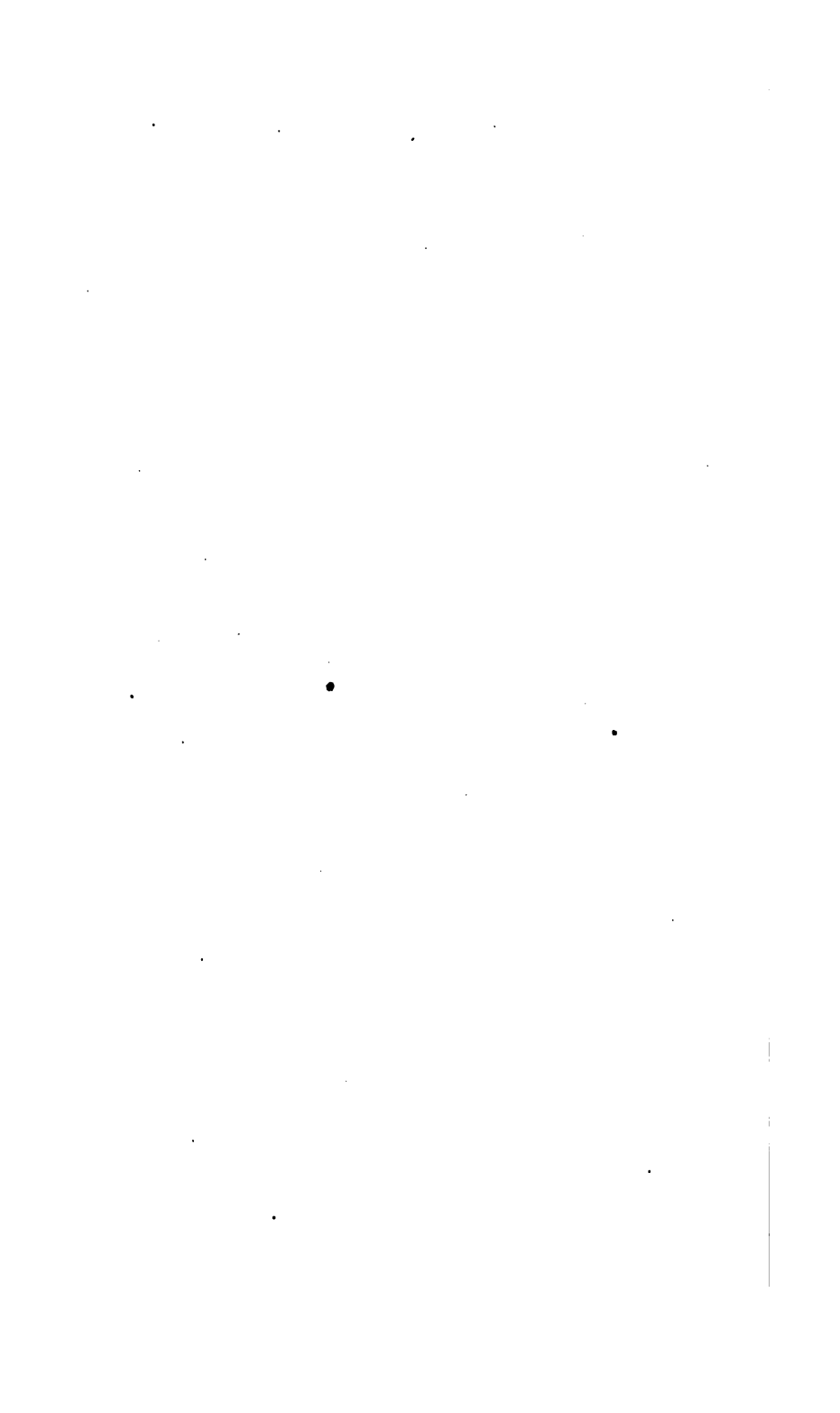
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## Miscellaneous Poems.



# Miscellaneous Poems.



## ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF JAMES MOSS, OF MACHPELAH.



MAN fadeth like a passing flow'r ;—  
Yet sweet if be the bloom,  
It spreads beyond life's little hour,  
Its fragrance o'er the tomb :—  
But sweeter still, of souls resign'd  
The memory that is left behind.

They drop this tenement of clay,  
To make the dust their home,  
And gently steal themselves away,  
Where troubles never come ;  
The turf lies lightly on their breast,  
And there the weary are at rest.

All die,—but not alike on all,  
Devolves the fatal strife ;  
Some bow beneath a sudden call,  
And some thrown back on life,  
Breathe o'er again their parting breath,  
And linger at the gate of death.

The faded cheek, the fallen eye,  
Betoken'd quick decay :—  
But so my father could not die,  
And slowly pin'd away ;  
The pains he bore from week to week,  
Made the flesh quiver on his cheek.

'Tis done,—the grave is clos'd again ;  
Fresh cares will urge their claim,  
And busy tribes of thoughtless men,

Still bustle for a name,  
That lives a little while and dies,  
Built on a hope below the skies.

The spring with renovating pow'r,  
Shall clothe the earth with green,  
And varied tint of herb and flow'r,  
Add beauty to the scene ;  
But with gay scenes or vexing cares,  
The grave,—the grave has no affairs.

The summer sun shall smile again,  
And wintry winds shall blow,  
And scatter o'er the frozen plain,  
The sear leaf and the snow ;—  
But never more shall father see,  
The smiling sun or leafless tree.

The world, as interest always taught,  
Can love and hate by turns,  
And who that views it as he ought  
But more intensely burns,  
To merge into that happier clime,  
That lies beyond the verge of time.

O! could we view that change so near,  
And living learn to die;  
Not only o'er the funeral bier  
Would fall the parting sigh;  
Nor serious thoughts so soon subside,  
As meaning little who has died.

The rich, the poor, the great, the small,  
Esteem'd as such by men,  
Death knows it not;—but takes them all;  
And even now and then  
Calls for a parent or a friend,  
To make us know our latter end.

The flowers upon this pilgrim spot,  
No lasting freshness know;  
The darker side which flatters not,  
Perhaps is less our foe;—  
O then 'tis doubly sweet to pray,  
For strength to meet the coming day.

'Tis sweet to welcome the distress;—  
To seek out sorrows hid;—  
As far as providence had blest,

'Twas so my father did ;  
But ne'er again for woe or weal,  
A tear adown his cheek shall steal.

And we his children, who are left  
To mourn a father dead,  
Though of parental care bereft,  
Have yet the path to tread—  
The narrow path our father trod,  
Up to the paradise of God.

MONODY,  
ON THE DEATH OF LAWRENCE MOSS,  
A TWIN, AGED TEN MONTHS.

---

I had twins that were two little brothers,  
My pleasures and cares to renew ;  
I lov'd them if it could be yet more than the others,  
I lov'd them because they were two.

And because they were two I took one,  
To tend and to cherish awhile ;  
And for every kind act of tenderness done,  
I was amply repaid with a smile.

As the Ivy that climbs on the wall,  
 My little boy twin'd round my heart ;  
 I felt myself happy, not thinking at all,  
 That ere long we were destin'd to part.

Like many a poor infant beside,  
 It knew not the breast of its mother ;  
 That nourishing comfort to him was denied,  
 To nourish and comfort his brother.

My hopes lean'd on years yet to come,  
 But quickly the vision has fled ;  
 A fatal distemper found way to my home,  
 And number'd my boy with the dead.

Though sorrow that's hopeless we've none,  
 The parting still costs us a tear ;  
 Not so much so soon from the world it is gone,  
 As remembering that once it was here.

When I think on its ways I could weep,  
 And memory will often portray ;  
 How prettily it lifted its "pinny" to peep,  
 And smil'd when I took it away.

Escap'd from a region of strife,  
To the land of increasing delight ;—  
How I long'd as I watch'd its last ebbings of life  
To die and to share in the flight.

It notic'd not Father or Mother,  
It suffer'd, but patience was given ;  
It bid no farewell to its little twin brother,  
But died and went smiling to heaven.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT,  
SIX MONTHS  
AFTER THAT OF ITS TWIN BROTHER.

---

DEATH no kindred pity knows,  
But with relentless haste,  
Sweeps o'er the fairest flower that blows,  
And lays it waste.

I at morn foresaw no fears—  
A smile was given instead ;  
At mid-day, smiles gave way to tears,  
My Boy was dead.

As flowers that bloom in early spring,  
Nipt by the frost decay,  
So death, while hope was on the wing,  
Took thee away.

Quick without a struggle thou  
Hast gain'd thy port of rest :  
Thou'rt with thy little brother now,  
For ever blest.

Griefs attend us here below ;  
I mourn : but not for thee ;  
We live to suffer—but I know  
That thou art free.

Life is but a stormy scene,  
And sorrow swells the wave ;  
And few the joys that come between  
The cradle and the grave.

THE DYING SAINT,

SUGGESTED BY THE DEMISE OF MRS. CLAYTON,  
OF PALACE HOUSE.

---

AWHILE sojourners here,  
We share the pilgrim's lot,  
Drop unobserv'd the mournful tear,  
    Then die and are forgot.  
Yet through that mournful tear,  
The offspring of a sigh ;  
Mid the dim mists of shadows here  
There beams a brighter sky.

Though floods of sorrow come,  
And storms of fury rave,

Light struggles through the yielding gloom,  
And glitters on the wave.  
As flowers shed sweets refin'd,  
Fann'd by some fitful breeze ;  
So troubles sent to souls resign'd,  
Enrich returning peace.—

Sweet peace when all is hush'd,  
Save sound of grateful prayers,  
That lisp, “deserving to be crush'd,  
Abundant mercy spares.”  
For like the yielding wax ;  
When soften'd by the heat,  
The mind that's rightly moulded takes,  
The impression that is meet.

The world's vindictive sneer,  
At virtues not its own,  
Can plant no murd'rous weapon there :  
The precincts of the Throne ;  
For there the soul opprest,  
Unbosoms all its care,  
Feeds on the hope of being blest,  
And gathers comfort there.

Let want, let plenty come,  
Let each in turn depart ;  
Heaven is the mourner's quiet home,  
    The pole-star of the heart.  
Wealth has its tempting charms,  
And poverty its snares,  
But weigh'd in death's encircling arms,  
We fling them to our heirs.

Ask then what gold can give ?  
The quivering lips reply,  
'Tis life alone in Christ to live,  
    In him 'tis gain to die.  
And great th' ineffable bliss,  
To know the power to save,  
When the grim monster robb'd of his—  
Points to the gaping grave.

Ye strangers to a groan,  
Which thousands else endure,  
Think not that God on you alone,  
    Has seal'd the promise sure.  
Affliction's heavy hand,  
Owns his supreme control ;

While tearful hopes of happier land,  
Print rainbows on the soul.

Death has not power to shake,  
Such heaven upraised desires :—  
But calm as is the summer's lake,  
The dying Saint expires :—  
Then as on evening cloud,  
Stretch'd out at golden ease,  
There lives amid the mantling shroud,  
The sun-set smile of peace.

## LITTLE JANE.



LITTLE Jane is gone to glory ;  
Mother never weep for me ;  
Angels tell the pleasing story,  
Jane's as blest as she can be.

Speak, seraphic legions, speak,  
And tell how ye convey'd me  
To the mansions of the meek,  
And in white robes array'd me.

Happy Spirits pure and bright,  
Tell how sweetly Jesus smil'd ;  
Bow'd from his throne of radiant light,  
And kiss'd his sainted child.

Little Jane is gone to glory ;  
Sings the Lamb that once was slain !  
Angels tell the pleasing story,  
Ye have heard the heavenly strain.

Hymns of everlasting blessing,  
To her golden harp she sings ;  
Mother can it be distressing,  
Thus to praise the King of kings ?

Cease your tears and banish sorrow :  
Follow in the path divine ;  
Life is but a short to-morrow,  
Then your joy shall equal mine.

## SONNET ON THE DEMISE OF \* \* \*

---

Yes! you are gone for ever from our sight,  
And to the spirit-land have pass'd away,  
From storms of sorrow shelter'd; time's short flight  
With you has merg'd into eternal day,  
For death by stealth has crept into the fold,  
And seized three lambkins as his lawful prey,  
Leaving behind the helpless and the old,  
To struggle on as wearily they may :—  
'Tis yours, for aye, to tune your harps of gold,  
Array'd in white all glorious to behold,  
'Tis ours, awhile, to shed the bitter tear,  
To pray for pardon and the promis'd guide,  
That when these fading scenes shall disappear,  
Those fadeless glories may be ours beside.

ON THE DEATH OF A SCHOOLMATE.

---

COMPANIONS and schoolmates, all strangers to care,  
Ne'er thinking that time has his sorrows to shed ;  
That death has got always an arrow to spare,  
Let fly at his pleasure, we rank with the dead.

Like schoolmates all over, intent upon play,  
We heard not the footsteps of time as he pass'd,  
Till death took the bravest among us away,  
And turn'd back to tell us 'twould not be the last.

In his innocent mirth and his frolicsome glee,  
He made us partakers with pleasure unfeign'd—  
In wit and contrivance the foremost was he,  
But mischief and fraud he ever disdain'd.

His failings, we think he had fewer than we ;—  
Now the clods of the valley lie cold on his breast,  
We'll mantle them over, whatever they be,  
And copy his virtues as seemeth us best.

O! the days that are past, will they never return,  
To feed our young hopes with increasing desire?  
O! never, no never, but we, in our turn,  
Shall sooner or later droop, sicken, expire.

Our seat will be vacant, some sister may weep,  
Some father may utter the heart-breaking sigh :  
But we in the grave shall as silently sleep,  
As those who departed long ages gone by.

But the soul is immortal, and destin'd to dwell  
In the mansions of bliss or the regions of woe :  
Be ours the dear Saviour, then all will be well,  
Whenever the summons shall call us to go.

POOR OLD MARY.

---

In humble cot, with moss o'ergrown,  
A village matron liv'd alone,  
Nor witness of her dying moan,  
Had poor old Mary.

A school she kept and us'd the rod ;  
Yet kept a closer walk with God ;  
But now beneath the clay-cold sod,  
Lies poor old Mary.

O'er tombs of those the world calls brave,  
Their sculptur'd laurels proudly wave ;  
But nothing marks the humble grave,  
Of poor old Mary.

Save tufted nettles, fresh and green,  
With springing blades of grass between,  
That round the bed of Death are seen,  
Of poor old Mary.

And one plain stone,—but not for pride,—  
That tells the day on which she died ;  
With little said or seen beside,  
Of poor old Mary.

Regardless of the voice of fame,  
In peace she liv'd and died the same ;  
Yet few sought knowledge what became,  
Of poor old Mary.

Her happy Spirit soars and flies,  
In realms of bliss beyond the skies ;  
And here the mould'ring body lies,  
Of poor old Mary.

Ye whispering breezes, soft and slow,  
With trembling impulse gently blow,  
Upon the lowly stems that grow,  
O'er poor old Mary.

If few the tears that others gave,—  
Yet these their glittering spires may wave,  
And scatter dew-drops o'er the grave,  
Of poor old Mary.

Rest then, in quiet slumber rest,  
And let no wicked hands molest,  
The green grass growing o'er the breast,  
Of poor old Mary.

And ye, who mock'd her crooked gait,  
Remember that the sin was great,  
Nor mock at others in the state,  
Of poor old Mary.

Her life was useful to the last,—  
Her failings!—Hush! her day is past:—  
Let none presume a stone to cast,  
At poor old Mary.

O may I live a life of faith!  
In peace resign my fleeting breath,  
And sink into the arms of Death!  
Like poor old Mary,

For princes, though they think it not;  
And all who have the poor forgot,  
Shall one day bless the happy lot,  
Of poor old Mary.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

---

YE children whom no absent joy,  
Has caused your hearts to grieve,  
Come pity the poor Orphan Boy,  
And grant him some relief.

My father died and went to rest,  
Ere I could lisp his name ;  
And sorrow wrung my mother's breast,  
And shook her tender frame.

He, in the silent grave doth sleep,  
Close by the church-yard wall ;  
Where oft my mother went to weep,  
But I wept none at all.

And wondering oft have pass'd it by,  
And view'd the grass so green ;  
But ne'er could tell what made her sigh,  
Where nought but grass was seen.

Ah ! then I did not understand  
The heavy loss I bore,  
I thought his painted coffin grand,<sup>2</sup>  
And thought but little more.

But joy like parting sunbeams fled,  
And troubles hasten'd on,  
For mother now lay sick in bed,  
And father I had none.

Her health and spirits quickly fail'd  
And she was like to die,  
And when I asked her what she ail'd,  
She answered with a sigh,

And utter'd many a fervent prayer,  
That God would bless her son,  
And make me his peculiar care,  
When she was dead and gone.

And when the fatal moment came,  
E'en with her dying breath,  
Sighing, she utter'd half my name,  
Then clos'd her eyes in death.

Still I had friends, and some were kind,  
And promis'd long to be ;—  
But soon had something else to mind,  
So never minded me.

Toss'd on the world, and forc'd to roam  
Unpitied and unknown,  
No friends, no parents, and no home,  
That I could call my own.

Forlorn and wretched is my state,  
Ah little do you know,  
The toils and sufferings that await,  
The friendless child of woe.

I had a mother—in the dust,  
Her mouldering body lies ;  
I had a mother—but I trust,  
Her spirit 's in the skies.

I had a mother—kind and true,  
Whose face no more I see ;  
Ye who have mothers kind to you,  
A moment think on me.

For when my little head did ache,  
And when I did complain,  
She gave me something for to take,  
And made me well again.

But now my little head may ache,  
And now may I complain,  
I have no mother for my sake,  
To make me well again.

I have no mother, else her care,  
Would soon provide a home,  
And teach me many a useful prayer,  
Of better things to come.

And train me up in holy fear,  
And guide my feet to rest ;  
And kindly wipe the falling tear,  
And clasp me to her breast.

These and a thousand comforts more,  
Should your dear mother die,  
For ever lost you would deplore,  
And weep as well as I.

Consider then what you enjoy,  
And gaze awhile on me,  
And pity the poor Orphan Boy,  
No friends, no home has he.

SONNET,  
ON THE DEATH OF MR. BROWNE.

No. I.

---

Musing of late beneath a midnight sky,  
Watching the moon with dappled clouds o'erspread;  
A passing neighbour turned his footsteps by,  
Opened my gate and whisper'd thou wast dead,  
Weak nature shudder'd :—yet 'tis good to die  
A righteous death, and be, for ever, where  
The wicked cease from troubling, and the tear  
For evermore is wiped from every eye.  
'Tis wiped from thine, but multiplied in kind,  
By weeping thousands thou hast left behind,—  
Friend of the friendless ; to its lone retreat  
Thy errands, such as proudlings, never went ;  
For thou hadst learnt, at thy dear Saviour's feet,  
To be the being by a Christian meant.

## SONNET.

No. II.

---

THE world may rage, as it hath rag'd of yore,  
Vile slander still her venom'd shafts employ ;  
Friendship prove false and rotten at the core,  
And mix the cup of promise with alloy :  
And, after all, diviner be the joy,  
Uprais'd and swelling in the virtuous breast,  
And wind and wave though prone-fed to destroy,  
Be weaning preludes of a soul at rest,  
That sterling joy, O ! silent sufferer thine  
Patient of wrong, yet prayerful to be kept,  
Thus meekly blest ; for as the breeze when swept  
Through harp Æolian genders notes divine,  
So time's rough contrasts sweeter make the sweet  
Death's passport follows ! then 'tis bliss complete.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER TO HER  
CHILDREN.

---

Your Father is dead and is laid in the grave,  
And you, my dear children, must suffer distress,  
You must ask a rough world for the little you have,  
And never complain should that little grow less.

Through much tribulation still urge on your way,  
The dawn of a day that's eternal draws near,  
Dark, dark are the clouds that are passing away,  
And bright is the prospect though dimm'd with a tear.

The rich may be happy, the poor may be blest,  
Or both from the portals of bliss may be driven,  
For happiness centres alone in the breast,  
In sweet and unbroken communion with heav'n.

There's sorrow in palace as well as in cot,  
On you, my dear children, on you it will fall,  
But whatever affliction may add to my lot,  
O spare disobedience, that pang of them all.

## ELIZA'S GRAVE.

---

COLD is poor Eliza's bed,  
Low she rests her little head,  
In the damp and darksome shed,  
Which awaits us all.

Heavy on thy little breast,  
Which to ours was often prest,  
Clods of earth unsightly rest,  
Once alive like thee.

And ere long as covering thee,  
Others' dust must cover me ;  
Thine may even scattered be,  
O'er my coffin lid.

Once when dandled on my knee,  
Fancy's conjur'd griefs for thee,  
Such as shedding tears for me,  
When my exit came.

But a happier lot is thine,  
Far beyond the stars to shine,  
Basking in the light divine,  
Of a smiling God.

Stranger to the busy din,  
And the cares that we are in,  
While this brittle thread we spin,  
Till it breaks like thine.

Life is but a little day,  
Soon it wears itself away,  
Short the time the longest stay,  
Short and full of grief.

Full of grief and full of woe,  
Spoil'd by angry passions so,  
'Tis a blessed thing to know,  
That thou dwell'st not here.

Never more shall sorrow's shriek,  
On thy peaceful slumber break,  
Nor a tear bedew thy cheek,  
For another's woe.

Though at last of Heaven we miss,  
Thine is still a perfect bliss,  
For thou art where Jesus is,  
And there must be joy.

Then Eliza, fare thee well !  
Near the cottage where I dwell.  
Shrouded in thy narrow cell,  
All that's earthly rests.

Sabbath-music breathing round,  
Consecrating all the ground,  
Sweeps along with pious sound,  
O'er the plains of bliss.

## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

---

PRETTY, little prattling boy,  
Short-liv'd pledge of new born joy ;  
Lisping scarce a parent's name,  
When the parting summons came.

Kindly snatch'd from all below,  
Thou no earth-born care shalt know !  
Just beneath this lower sky,  
Born to have a peep and die.

Evils which await on me,  
Happy stranger know not thee ;  
Young in years and few in sighs,  
Thou art wafted to the skies.

What if death had linger'd still,  
Yielding to a parent's will !  
This dark desert had it been,  
Made for thee a fairy scene.

Youth is oft beset with snares,  
Manhood teems with growing cares ;  
Then the little that remains,  
Brings old age and bitter pains.

For the gayest of the gay,  
Fluttering through life's feeble day !  
Free from anguish cannot wear,  
Smiles unwater'd with a tear.

Why should nature then repine,  
O'er an early grave like thine :  
Smiling, thou art gone to rest,  
To the mansions of the blest.

All that now remains of thee,  
Waits for that which waits for me :  
Made by death's decaying doom,  
Fit for nothing but the tomb.

Beauteous heap of breathless clay,  
Thou must moulder all away ;  
Till the power that lives to save,  
Raise thee glorious from the grave.

## STANZAS,

ON VIEWING THE TOMB OF THE FAWCETTS,  
AT WAINSGATE.

---

MILDLY shines the midnight moon

O'er the newly buried dead ;

Seated high in calm repose,

May be the pale planet knows,

That the sober light she throws,

Emblems forth the life they led.

Quiet is the scene around,

Stillness pil'd in magic sweep:—

Peace seems written on the ground,

Where beneath one common mound,

Son and sire together sleep.

Noiseless o'er the vaulted tomb,  
Now the fitful shadows play,  
With a brief time-hurried span ;  
Preaching, true as nature can,—  
Thus the fickle life of man  
Passes fleetingly away :  
Yet, if sorrow claims a tear  
Lingering near the spot awhile :  
Weeping friends may drop it here,  
Faith already views it there,  
Drest in one eternal smile.

Patriots in a nation's cause,  
Prompt to succour the distress'd ;  
Wailing war's empurpled plain,  
Freedom crush'd, and conscience slain ;  
Every pang from slavery's reign,  
Smother'd in the negro's breast ;  
Rich in gifts almost divine,  
Rich in morals, rich in lore :—  
Borne by others of the line,  
Richer may the mantle shine,  
Which your honour'd fathers wore.

Graves of heroes! what are they?

Proudly though the laurel wave!  
Ask no curse from blood-stain'd stones;  
Broken-hearted fathers' groans,  
Orphans' shrieks, and widows' moans,  
Ring the requiem for the brave.  
Sick of deeds of mortal smart,  
Pity, shuddering, hears the tale;  
Seeks some more congenial heart:  
Yours, each nobler aim a part,  
Never crush'd the creeping snail.

Yours the love beyond your creed,

Warm, expansive yet sincere,  
Pleas'd to bow where'er the shrine,  
Pleas'd to dig where'er the mine,  
Promise gave of ore divine.  
Gemm'd in one repentant tear,  
Meekness, kindness all that could,  
Join'd to form the bond of peace,  
And when discord, like a flood,  
Threaten'd ruin, there you stood,  
Sighing that the strife might cease.

Living,—once your country's pride,—

Dying,—hence for ever bless'd ;

All the boasted forms of speech,

Pride of language e'er can teach :

All that soaring thought can reach,

Leaves the blessing unexpress'd.

Portent is our mortal doom,

Borne on time's disparting wave—

Sin-destroying Spirit, come ;

Make us trophies of the tomb—

Such as sleep in yonder grave !

## THE DYING SAINT.



WHAT can assuage the pain of death,  
Or what remove its fears ?  
When sinking nature groans beneath  
The weight of added years.

Shall riches bring her opiates now,  
To madden or to blind !  
Or fame essay the aching brow,  
With laurel wreaths to bind.

Go ! ask the world what it hath given ;  
E'en to its favoured few ;  
Its calms have all been tempest-riven,  
And may be so to you.

And all who henceforth seek to win  
Its lily or its rose :  
Will find they only bloom within,  
The network of its woes.

But souls that pant for lasting bliss,  
Cast all these things aside ;  
Resist the world's alluring kiss,  
Its follies and its pride.

Mournful, yet glad on Jesu's breast,  
They pillow their desires ;  
'Tis thus the Christian sinks to rest,  
'Tis thus the Saint expires.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF  
THE LATE REV. GEORGE DEAN,  
OF LINEHOLME, NEAR TODMORDEN.<sup>3</sup>

---

How many fall as sudden, not as safe!—Young.

---

O! knew ye not this simple-hearted man!  
His kind concern, his childlike tenderness  
For all the silent sufferings of the poor;  
His love of peace, his ardent zeal for God,  
His oft tried willingness to suffer wrong,  
Lest truth should be despis'd: his firm regard  
To what the Scriptures dictate, and not least  
His hate of slander, and his scorn of pride.

Talk not of heroes! there's a hero here  
 Of liberal, firm and independent mind,—  
 Yet ne'er receiving twenty pounds a year!  
 Say!—labour'd he for hire? hear it! ye poor  
 But faithful shepherds of the Christian flock,  
 And take fresh courage as ye journey on.—  
 And ye! whose pride can stickle for a sum  
 Called now a fair remuneration,—paid  
 For splendid talents, pleasing it is true,  
 But oft reflecting nothing but yourselves;  
 In dumb astonishment pass by and sneer;  
 For blush ye cannot, else there might be hope  
 Such manly virtue would not be despis'd,  
 Just peeping up unshelter'd here and there.

O! knew ye not this honest-hearted man!  
 His puritanic manners, that adorn'd  
 The Christian Pastor, and his uncouth speech  
 So piercing, yet unpolish'd; from his lips  
 Fell no proud sentence, moulded into form  
 To show the finish'd scholar; follow'd oft  
 With self-complaisant smile; but simple truth  
 Alike removed from sophistry and cant,  
 Warm'd with the wishes of an honest heart,

In simple language drest, retaining strength,  
Not lengthen'd into weakness, finely spun,  
And utter'd for display ; a short-liv'd sweet,—  
A fresh pluck'd flower,—and smelling soon of death.  
Not such was he ;—but form'd of sterner mould,  
No parasite ; nor like the scantling fop,  
Who at his breakfast cons the papers o'er,  
And sips therewith the gossip of the day,  
Then sallies forth to walk himself abroad,  
Reckoning to taste the sweets of morning air,  
And learn morality from nature's works :—  
Across his path should some poor neighbour stray,  
Of low descent, but of superior worth ;  
He's so obliging as to wish him well ;  
Asks of his prospects and his children's health,  
Then with a parting, but expressive leer,  
Looks at his dress and turns the lip of scorn.

O ! knew ye not this tender-hearted man !  
Yes, he was known ; beloved as far as known  
By all who give it where it is deserved,—  
E'en party stoop'd to pay the homage due,  
And vice itself stood silent :—but he's gone  
Without one last farewell ; torn, torn away

From every sweet endearment, social tie,  
 Saintly communion and the work of love.  
 Yet tell me ! shar'd he not the common lot ?  
 Had he no trials ? was the cup of woe  
 Pass'd always by untasted from his lips ?  
 No, this vain world acquainted him with grief,  
 And heartfelt wanderings deeply made him sigh ;—  
 Yet not unsanctified, swept o'er his breast,  
 The storms of trouble, making peace more sweet.  
 Mov'd by a kindred sympathy of soul,  
 —*His own Compassion rung the knell of Death.*—  
 Seeking the safety of a neighbour's child,  
 He miss'd his way, and floundering in the flood,  
 With none to witness,—none to help him,—died.—  
 'Twas night,—dark night, but early as the dawn,  
 Full many an eye cast o'er the unconscious stream  
 The piteous look of sadness ;—all in vain,—  
 The fruitless knowledge that the good old man,  
 Though dead, was rudely buffeted along,  
 Made nature weep, and chain'd the tongue of grief :—  
 Hope shudder'd at the torrent's boiling rage ;  
 Life's brittle tenure fill'd the mind with awe,  
 And pleasure sicken'd as the tidings spread.

Tho' doubtful long, his body might not find  
A resting place beneath its parent sod,  
Congenial to the feelings of his friends ;  
That wish is now accomplish'd ; and amid  
Assembled thousands, weeping at the sight,  
The honour'd relics reach'd the peaceful grave.



## EPITAPH—

REV. GEORGE DEAN.  

---

SAFE from the flood, and shelter'd from the blast,  
Sleep on, sweet pilgrim, gather'd home at last,  
Laden with pity, thou hast oft convey'd  
The soothing balm for wounds which others made ;  
Spar'd thy own comforts, link'd thy weal with woe,  
Felt blistering friends, but never knew a foe.

## SONNET,

ON THE DEMISE OF MR. THOMAS ACKROYD, JUN.,  
OF HEBDEN BRIDGE;  
LATE STUDENT AT THE GENERAL BAPTIST  
ACADEMY, LOUGHBOROUGH.\*

---

TROUBLED and cross'd with many a wayward thought,  
Of this world's turmoil, as I've pac'd along  
The pathway leading to my humble cot,  
I've thought of thee ; and, with emotions strong,  
Has soaring fancy pictur'd thee, among  
The great,—the good,—the useful of the earth,  
Meekly endowed with every Christian grace,  
And arm'd with heart-felt boldness, holding forth  
The Bread of Life to Man's degenerate race.  
It is not so ! Ask not the reason why !  
Could love unfold it ? many an aching breast  
Would cease to heave with sorrows unexpress'd !  
Drawn through the thicket, lo ! I hear the cry ;  
For like a wounded lamb hast thou come home to die !

## THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

SUGGESTED BY THE RECENT AND VERY SUDDEN DEMISE  
OF A NEAR NEIGHBOUR.

---

He has left us behind, and the sound of the chime,  
That told of his death has pass'd o'er us ;  
Repeating aloud, from the turret of time,  
He is gone but a little before us.

Yet 'mid cares of a moment, we plunge into strife,  
And trifling or playful we sit ;  
As if health kept the key of the tenure of life,  
Till sickness gives notice to quit.

The flowers still may flourish, and fade in their turn,  
The leaves may fall fast from the tree ;  
The seasons, unheeded, successive return,  
But of man, it is ask'd, " where is he ? "

Where is he? who at morn from soft slumber awaking,  
Uprose like a giant refresh'd ;  
Cut down like a flower, whilst the heart that was aching,  
Still heaves with a burden oppress'd.

Like the flash of a meteor, refusing to stay,  
Which our eyes for a moment behold ;  
Such is life, in its swiftness of passing away,—  
In its end,—like a tale that is told.

## MONODY ON THE DEMISE OF THE

REV. H. HOLLINGRAKE, OF BIRCHCLIFFE. 5

---

WHATE'ER is lovely, good and kind,  
Free from ambition's taint ;  
United in thy life we find,  
Thou dear departed Saint.

Unskill'd in Greek and Latin lore,  
To thy research was given  
A deeper mine of richer ore,  
Stamp'd with the seal of heaven.

And long and duly didst thou strive,  
Its riches to unfold ;  
Sweeter than honey from the hive,  
More pure than virgin gold !

Assembled crowds have wept to hear  
The untiring tale of love ;  
And to the mercy-seat drew near,  
Its truthfulness to prove. —

Earth's fairest flowers in thy esteem  
Were fading seen to be ;  
Its pleasures fleeting as a dream,  
Possess'd no charms for thee.

Its sorrows met thy timely tear,  
Its woes thy soothing voice ;  
And oft when none but God was near  
Did broken hearts rejoice.

The giddy world regarded not,  
How through the woodland glade,  
To many a solitary cot,  
Thy lonely footsteps stray'd.

Theirs, to those scenes, they gaily turn,  
Which life and mirth afford ;  
Thine, at the couch of such as mourn,  
To find their absent Lord.

And thus the times pass'd o'er thee ; yet,  
By God's ordained decree,  
The brightest sun must sometime set,  
So hath it been with thee.

Well might the tears shed o'er thy bier,  
Be wip'd as soon as given ;—  
Exchanging toilsome moments here,  
For endless rest in heaven.

O, envious lot ! where sweetly blend,  
Alike unknown to fame,  
The useful life, the peaceful end,  
And the unspotted name.

Thus calm as on the western sea,  
Reposes day's decline ;—  
O ! may my coming exit be,  
The counterpart of thine !

## HE IS GONE TO HIS GRAVE.

---

HE is gone to his grave,—where the wind whistles  
o'er him,

And the clods of the valley lie cold on his breast ;  
I had liv'd with a wish to have gone there before him,  
But God orders all things as seemeth Him best.

He is gone to his grave,—and no more we behold  
him :—

Superior to all, who had right to command ;  
His love of obedience did all that was told him,  
And gracefully shone in the works of his hand.

He is gone to his grave,—and O ! for another,  
    Befitted as he was, to lighten my cares :—<sup>6</sup>  
For he liv'd as a son, and he died as a brother,  
    So meekly desiring his God might be theirs.

•  
He is gone to his grave,—and a halo of glory  
    Encircled the paleness of death when he died :  
Like his be my exit ; or early, or hoary,  
    Then,—lay me down gently, and close by his side.

“JAMES OF THE GREAVE.”’

---

WHERE the wild game in summer the heath flowers  
among,

Invite the bold sportsman to range o'er the moor ;  
And where deep rugged dells roll the echo along,

There has stood an old mansion a century or more ;  
Where far from the gay world, unskill'd to deceive,  
Contented and happy dwelt “ James of the Greave.”

In his lambs, and his sheep, and the moorland close  
by,

He took great delight, and increased in wealth ;—  
A harmless old man, with a glance in his eye,  
And a glow on his cheek, that gave picture of health ;  
And he might have sunk gently, like sunset at eve,  
Had others been harmless as “ James of the Greave.”

But the sportsman may chase the wild game on the  
moor,

And the innocent lambkins may bleat in the fold ;  
The man that beheld them with pleasure before,  
Is wantonly murder'd at seventy years old ;—  
And long from the bosom remembrance shall heave  
The wild note of sorrow for “ James of the Greave.”

## TO AN ESTRANGED BROTHER.

---

WHENE'ER I lie me down to rest,  
Though distant far we be ;  
Amid the cares that crowd my breast,  
Are mingled thoughts of thee.

And oft for thee at rising morn,  
Remembrance vents her sighs ;  
On fitful trembling pinions borne,  
Beneath these lower skies.

I know the world, I feel its cares,  
But less I should repine ;  
If answering to our earnest prayers,  
Some blessing might be thine.

Some blessing fraught with heavenly peace,  
Uplifting from the earth ;  
Yet seek it not mid troubled seas,  
Of jollity and mirth.

Poor travellers, what have we to spend ?

Heirs to a parting sigh ;

At starting we begin to end,

And soon forgotten die.

For life is but a little day,

And when the morning's gone ;

The noon makes haste to steal away,

And soon the night comes on.

And many a pelting storm alights

On shivering pilgrims here ;

And lengthened woes and short delights

Call forth the frequent tear.

But that dread storm has not yet beat,

Which shall for ever last ;

And mercy's voice in accents sweet,

Still whispers through the blast.

And hope, kind angel, beck'ning hence,

Points upwards to the skies ;

Then spurn the fading joys of sense,

And grasp the unfading prize.

## SOLITUDE.

---

OH, Solitude! sweet refuge from the storms  
Of thund'ring strife, with thee I joy to roam  
In noiseless quiet through the deep'ning shade,  
Where love invites, and shake the cumbrous load  
Of earth-born wishes from my captive soul,  
O, still receive me to thy sacred bow'rs;  
Still lend me aid to stretch a pleasing thought  
O'er all the world, and breathe the hope of peace!  
Unseen by all, by all but thee, my God,  
Unnotic'd, unregarded, O! accept

My secret groanings, now the fulsome din  
Of rattling splendour, and the ardent wish  
Of pow'rful self to idolize the world,  
Distract me not. Benignly sweet, O ! spread  
Thy kindly influence round, and usher in  
Thy gracious presence through the silent gloom,  
To cheer my soul and bless the lonely walk.  
Pass heedless on, ye earth-besotted crew,  
And feed your wishes on your native air ;  
    Pass heedless on, and push your idle rage  
Where envy raises her malignant head,  
To crush your "brainless ardours." O come not near,  
To check the pleasure of ascending thought,  
To violate the sacred peaceful scene,  
And whisper language which my soul abhors.  
Vain pomps of pleasure ! airy dreams of bliss !  
Wrought up through all the labyrinths of art ;  
I hold a prize your vouchers never knew ;  
*A mind expanded most when most alone.*  
Here, when fresh toils have sunk my feeble frame,  
New vigour I inhale, and through my veins  
The trickling sweetness animated runs.  
O, blest resource !—when, like a shatter'd bark  
The jaded mind, on yawning billows tost,

With grateful pleasure covets and enjoys  
One welcome hour of absence from the world,  
Here to invoke the Majesty of heaven,  
Repair each breach, and muse in thoughtful mood  
On all the strange vicissitudes of life,  
Death and the grave, time and eternity.

Deep in the garden of Gethsemane,  
Behold the weeping Saviour! faultless still,  
*For us* the swelling drops of gory sweat  
Distain'd the sacred ground : *for us* he prest  
The mountain turf, and pour'd his midnight prayer  
In solitary anguish from his soul ;  
*For us*, poor worms, in matchless love he bore  
The matchless weight eternal justice deem'd  
A perfect ransom for our ruin'd race.  
*For us* he suffer'd !—Solitude ! repeat  
The love resounding echo—glorious theme—  
*For us* he conquer'd, and *for us* he died.

REFLECTIONS ON THE PAST YEAR,  
1812.

---

GONE is the year and gone is many a friend  
Whose hopes like mine, led through each flattering  
scene,  
Anticipated length of days to come,  
I, too, must shortly go, then let my soul  
No more rely on my protracted stay,  
Nor live to risk eternal certainties,  
On the uncertain certainty of death.  
True I am spar'd, but yet, for aught I know,  
The next succeeding moment may present  
My speedy passport to the silent tomb.  
For ever then beyond the least recal

Condemn'd to learn th' inestimable worth of time.  
Dominions, titles, wealth and honour, all  
Will nought avail to mitigate my doom,  
Or find a ransom equal to an hour.  
Though I could call the vanquish'd world my own,  
Bid princes wait, and with submission bow  
And tremble at my frowns, yet must I seek  
The feeble power of one excuse in vain,  
If I neglect the great concern of life.  
And yet forgetful of our latter end,  
Amused with riches, and perplexed with cares,  
We hurry on, as heedless of the past,  
As ignorant of the future, but our crimes  
Float on the surface of each passing year,  
And must once more be present to our view ;  
And here be borne on penitential tears,  
To seek the fountain of a Saviour's blood,  
Or else hereafter sink our souls in woe.  
Another year is plac'd to my account ;  
And am I yet quite unappriz'd of death ?  
Still holden in suspense and loath to view  
The captivating pleasures of the world  
With a disdainful eye ! reluctant still,  
With tedious hard persuasion to obey

The secret, self-known monitor within :  
O ! grant me grace, thou great heart-searching God ;  
Ere death surprise me boasting in my pride,  
Sporting with folly, vigorous and gay,  
Retorting smile for smile, and prone to mock  
The swift career of life ;—O ! grant me grace  
To view these trifles in a proper light ;  
To know myself give up each fond pursuit  
With cheerful resignation, and esteem  
The ways of wisdom, pleasantness and peace.  
Millions alive, when first the youthful year  
Began to dawn, have since been swept away  
By death's tremendous stroke, while I am left  
A monument of mercy to survive  
The dreadful ravage of another year.  
But oh ! a mournful thought pervades the mind,  
And recollection sickens to repeat  
The thousands slain on Europe's bloody plains ;  
Oft has the heart of many a parent bled,  
And many a woe-worn hope-deserted maid,  
In pining expectation wish'd in vain  
The lover's fond return ; oh when shall war  
And the wide stream of desolation cease  
To hold the league with death : and men no more

Led by ambition's bloody thirst of fame,  
Devour each other with ferocious pride?  
How long shall hope repine, and fear indulge  
In speculating murmurs? Peace be still!  
The same unchanging God for ever reigns,  
"And his unsuffering kingdom yet shall come."  
O, Britain, know the Lord! to him ascribe  
Eternal songs of praise! let all confess  
His mighty pow'r which keeps our peaceful shores  
Impervious to a tyrant's greedy grasp,  
While all around such dire destruction waits,  
And freedom, lost to many a happy land,  
Like the past year in sad remembrance lives  
To fetch the deep memorial of a sigh.

## LINES ON AN INFANT.



SWEET babe ! for thee a mother's care  
Demands a mother's humble pray'r ;  
For thee, while life the pow'r supplies,  
I'll raise my supplicating cries,  
And bear on each enfeebled groan  
Thy wants united with my own ;  
But soon, ah ! soon, this breath shall cease,  
And every groan be hush'd in peace ;  
My wasting strength from day to day  
Each passing minute steals away,  
And every feeble pulse that beats,

The warning to my soul repeats ;  
Which hov'ring round her clay-built cell,  
Must shortly bid the world farewell ;  
Ye lingering hours amend your speed,  
The work of death is hard indeed ;  
O ! for a heart at once resign'd,  
To leave my sweetest babe behind ;  
O ! for a hope to cheer my breast  
With various thoughts and cares opprest ;  
Then with these last remains of breath,  
Exulting o'er the power of death,  
My soul would gently steal away,  
To the blest realms of endless day.

I die ! but oh ! what painful strife  
Attends these last remains of life :  
Once more I'll gaze, and from my heart  
Fulfil once more a mother's part ;—  
Once more I'll clasp thee to my breast,  
And lull thy tender cries to rest ;—  
Once, but once, my eyes may see  
Thy twinkling eyelids close on me,  
And thou no Friend, no Father meet,  
To make thy infant slumbers sweet.

I go! I die!—oh, might I stay  
To waste my feelings by delay!  
To make thy tender years my care,  
And life's redoubling hardships share;  
Sweet smiling creature! must thou know  
The utmost bounds of human woe?  
When I am gone—shall no kind friend,  
In tender sympathy extend  
One thought,—one wish,—one arm to save,  
Thy trembling footsteps from the grave?

Could I foresee thy future state,  
From childhood, up to man's estate,  
How would it pain my very heart  
To find thee act a foolish part,  
To hear thy vain untutor'd youth  
Despise the warning voice of truth;  
To scoff at virtue, honour, fame,  
And lead a life of sin and shame,  
Till thy weak with'ring limbs become  
A prey unpitied to the tomb,  
And the poor ruin'd spirit goes  
To reap the weight of endless woes.  
How few, alas! how few we find,

With steady pious aim inclined,  
Who make neglected youth their care,  
And timely snatch them from despair ;  
And oh, what countless numbers go  
Through this vast wilderness of woe,  
Each tempting each to baser deeds  
Till death to wretchedness succeeds.

Oh hear my feeble, dying cry,  
Thou sovereign Ruler of the sky !  
Bid each ungrateful passion cease,  
And fill my soul with heavenly peace !  
Then, sweetest babe, content to die,  
I'll clasp thee in my arms and cry ;  
' My God shall guide thy wandering feet  
' From paths of folly and deceit,  
' And hourly blessings from above,  
' Perform the wishes of my Love.'

## THE PIOUS POOR MAN,—

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT.

---

CAN my views be led too often  
Where the pious poor man dwells?  
Or my heart too gently soften,  
When his sad distress he tells?

See his children crowding round him,  
Fondly craving to be fed;  
How their hungry looks confound him,  
While he deals their scanty bread.

Yet amidst such sad distresses,  
When I hear the poor man pray,  
So his very heart confesses,  
Blessings undeserved have they.

What! I cried is this the pleasure,  
Which from pure religion springs?  
Then farewell to all the treasure  
Vain, delusive fortune brings.

The tow'ring schemes of mad ambition,  
Which our raving fancy paints,  
Are mean when placed in competition  
With the poverty of saints.

Yet, alas! the toil of heaping,  
Thousands count it pleasing gain;  
But the poor man tells me weeping,  
Earthly pleasure ends in pain.

The proud while fuming with resentment,  
Spurning all the poor apart,  
Are strangers to that sweet contentment,  
Rising from a thankful heart.

As on earth our days we measure,  
Toss'd about by wind and wave ;  
Such a rich and heavenly treasure,  
Smooths our passage to the grave.

Rich or poor avails us little,  
Swift the passing moments fly ;  
Each proclaims that life is brittle,  
Each forewarns us we must die.

Then, oh then ! how great the danger,  
Here to circumscribe our love ;  
Lost to hope and utter strangers,  
To a paradise above.

O ! grant me, Lord, thy needed blessing,  
Without which I am undone ;  
Wretched though at once possessing  
All the wealth beneath the sun.

Death will shortly disinherit,  
All our claims to earthly good ;  
But blessed are the poor in spirit,  
They have placed their hope in God.

SONNET.

---

WHY should those transitory joys  
Which earth so sparingly doth give,  
Create a hope which death destroys,  
Oft ere the blessing we receive?  
Why this anxiety of mind?  
And why should envy rule my breast?  
Soon I must leave these things behind;  
For this is not my place of rest.  
Ye pleasing dreams of ease and health,  
Deceive my flatter'd hopes no more!  
Far better ne'er possess your wealth,  
Than have its knowledge to deplore.  
So let me live, that when this life shall cease,  
A smile may waft me to the land of peace.

## MORTALITY.



THE withering grass, the fading flower,  
Those dying beauties of an hour!  
Are emblems of the state of man,  
Whose life is measured by a span.

Awhile he walks the earth abroad,  
By nature seeking earthly food ;  
Awhile he rears his lofty head,  
Then sinks, forgotten, with the dead.

Of faded hopes and ceaseless cares,  
He leaves possession to his heirs ;  
Like him they climb life's toilsome way,  
Like him they flourish and decay.

All flesh is grass! the Prophet cries,  
And time confirms it as it flies :  
Proclaiming as he passes by,  
The young are old enough to die.

All flesh is grass! death takes the field,  
E'en monarchs to his stroke must yield :  
He reigns with undisputed sway,  
A monarch greater far than they.

Since all must die, 'tis folly's fear  
To wish to tarry always here ;  
But wisdom seeks beyond the tomb,  
Her lasting more abiding home.

For Jesu's sake then, Lord, forgive,—  
Like Job we would not always live ;  
But heaven begun within us here,  
Be ready for a mansion there.

## ON THE CESSATION OF A STORM.



LIST, now the cradled winds have hushed their roar,  
And infant waves curl pointing to the shore:  
While drench'd earth seems to wake up fresh and  
clear,  
Like Hope just risen from the gloom of fear,  
And the bright dew-bead on the bramble lies,  
Like liquid rapture upon beauty's eyes;  
How heavenly 'tis to take the pensive range,  
And mark 'tween storm and calm the lovely change!  
First comes the Sun, unveiling half his face,  
Like a coy virgin with reluctant grace;  
While dark clouds skirted with a slanting ray,

Roll one by one in azure depths away,  
Till pearly shapes like molten billows lie  
Along the tinted bosom of the sky.  
Next breezes swell forth with harmonious charms,  
Panting and wild, like children of the storms ;  
Now sipping flow'rs, now making blossoms shake,  
Or weaving ripples on the grass-green lake ;  
And thus the tempest dies, and bright and still  
The rainbow drops upon the distant hill.

## STANZAS,

ON WANDERING UP THE VALE OF CALDENE, TO ATTEND  
THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE HEPTONSTALL  
SLACK SUNDAY SCHOOL.

---

O ! TALK not of Cimbric Altars, rais'd  
In the depths of the craggy wood,  
Where the flesh of the victims most brutally blaz'd,  
And the legends were written in blood.

But list to the voice on the mountain's side,  
Where thousands assembled to hear ;  
Which tells of the sins of the heart and the pride  
Dominion'd in rivalry there.

In caverns of gloom, by the light of the moon,  
No mystical figures we trace ;  
'Tis ours to confer a delightfuller boon,—  
To make taste the fair handmaid of grace.

Though our rocks, and our hills, and our valleys  
abound  
With beauties which Poets have dream'd,  
Yet I've heard from those rocks the sad echo rebound  
With the name of their Maker blasphem'd!

Romantic endearment of things that are past  
Is impure, and corrupt in its sway,  
When it breathes no soft sigh for the things that  
shall last,  
Which are fairer and brighter than they.

Avaunt, Superstition! fell monster, begone!  
We discard thee, though greatly subdued;  
For thy visage, both ancient and modern, is one,  
And thy hands are yet reeking with blood.

Though 'mid the conjectural remains of a fane  
The fancy, delighted, may rove ;

More blest is the wish to behold the bright reign,—  
The reign of the kingdom of love.

On the infantine race of our mountains and glens,  
Hope beams with reliance serene;  
And richer shall glow from their thousand amens,  
The beautiful vale of Caldene.

## SONNETS,

ON A VISIT TO SOWERBY CHURCH.

No. I.

---

WITH sacred awe, I tread this letter'd floor,  
And read the records of departed worth;  
Turn from the statue\* with a chastened sigh,  
That owns the measure of our days on earth;  
And, big with mournful feelings, ponder o'er  
Long by-gone scenes, when Hope was building  
high,  
Or, folly seeking, nestling in the dust:  
Whilst, like their present heirs, across these stones  
They trod as lightly o'er their fathers' bones,  
Each coming Sabbath, and confess'd their trust;  
Lords of the neighbouring soil, with beauty's pride,  
Though born to perish, blooming at their side,  
Bedeck'd with nodding plumes, like those which  
wave  
O'er the proud hearse, that bore them to the grave.

## SONNET,

No. II.  

---

HERE, at this hour, when mantling sunset falls  
In shadowy silence on these scutcheon'd walls,  
The mind becomes more thoughtful,—sculptur'd  
urns,  
And tablets dusted with the sweep of time,  
And monuments, where doubt, with prior claim,  
Riots and revels o'er each slumberer's name,  
Preach to the gazer, in his fancied prime  
Of blust'ring greatness—"dust to dust returns."  
The peal is mute—the solemn service o'er—  
And I shall hear this evening chant no more.  
Here let me kneel, in extasy sublime  
Of self abasement deep, and God adore;  
The while indulging, though with mournful bliss,  
Th' unbroken quiet of a scene like this.

## EXTEMPORANEOUS STANZAS.



I LIVE and look around,  
And view the ways of men,  
And wonder that so few are found  
Forsaking the forbidden ground  
Of vanity and sin.

Year after year rolls on,  
And changeful scenes arise :  
Death sends his summons, and anon  
No sooner is a neighbour gone,  
Than straight another dies.

A funeral and a rout,  
Are things not far between ;  
And while the mourners go about,  
The drunkard's wild, unhallow'd shout,  
Adds horror to the scene.

Yet on the treacherous slope  
Of life's tremendous brink :  
We drink full draughts of folly's cup,  
And nurse the fond fallacious hope,  
'Tis time enough to think.

Poor, helpless, dying man,  
So fond of nestling here,  
O'er rows of graves he dreams he can,  
Some fair, some settled dwelling scan,  
But echo answers, where?

I live and look around,  
And view the ways of men,  
And wonder that so few are found  
Forsaking the forbidden ground  
Of vanity and sin.

STANZAS.

OCCASIONED BY THE PRESENT DISTRESS.

1826.

---

SOVEREIGN of the whole creation,  
Look with pitying eyes below ;—  
Spare, O! spare our guilty nation,  
And avert the threatened blow.

Dark the cloud that hovers near us,  
Help from man we seek in vain,  
Thou alone canst truly cheer us ;—  
Smile upon us yet again.

Man is but a helpless being,  
Wayward in his own intent;  
Little of himself foreseeing;  
Oft the wisest need repent.

Haughty pride, and selfish feeling,  
Havoc in our land have made;  
Hear, O! hear us, humbly kneeling,  
While we supplicate thine aid.

Numbers, starving, daily meet us,  
While in plenty we abound;  
Gracious Father! gently treat us;  
Pardon, where the fault is found.

Sovereign of the whole creation,  
Look with pitying eyes below:—  
Spare, O! spare our guilty nation,  
And avert the threatened blow.

ANTI-CORN-LAW STANZAS.<sup>6</sup>

---

O, WHERE shall the poor man look forward for help,  
Now the channels of commerce are dry ;  
And the price of his bread  
Weighs his heart down like lead,  
And his children around him cry ?

He must seek his employer, and ask for a loan,  
Till the prospect more cheering appears ;  
And he might be o'erjoyed,  
Were his hopes not destroyed,  
By the knowledge of former arrears.

What then must be done? Must he pilfer his bread,  
Or pine without reason shown why;  
Till his burden of care  
Grows too weighty to bear,  
And he smiles at occasion to die?

Why, no; there's the poor-law! yes, truly indeed!  
And scanty its pittance must be;  
For the rate-paying part  
Are beginning to smart,  
And find themselves needy as he.

Tell us why, then, ye rulers, this tax on *His* bounty,  
By whom the young ravens are fed!  
Having sunshine and rain,  
For maturing the grain,  
Tell us why, then, we must not have bread!

To the dreadful amount of our sufferings this day  
To-morrow adds manifold more;  
Tell us when! tell us when!  
Ye will treat us as men,  
And the reign of oppression be o'er!

Had the poor done the wrong, then hunger's keen  
    pangs  
Might have rankled and writhed in his breast ;—  
    And no sigh had been sighed ;  
    And the monster had died,  
Unpitied, unprayed for, unblest.

Mock us not, then, ye cold-hearted framers of woe,  
With the praise of your poisonous breath ;  
    We are willing to toil,  
    In the loom or the soil,  
But nature cries, not unto death !

For the strength of that cry may burst forth like a flood,  
Which no human agent can stem ;  
    And the lawless upride,  
    On the breast of the tide,  
To the power that pertains not to them.

By all, then, that's noble in deeds yet undone,  
Or daring in deeds that are past ;  
    By want's dying wail,  
    Which the Corn-Laws entail ;  
How long is the Death-game to last ?

Religion still lingers ! 'O drive her not hence,'  
Weeping mournfully sad o'er the scene ;  
Lest, instead of a tear,  
A blood-stain spot appear,  
In the print where her footsteps have been.

O, merciful Father ! 'forsake us thou not ?'  
'Thou God who delightest in prayer,'  
Lend an ear from on high,  
To the wide-spreading sigh,  
From the breadless abodes of despair.

THE TALE-BEARER.

---

'Midst all the storms of social life,  
 'Midst all the failings of a wife,  
 Nought is productive of more strife  
 Than tale-bearing.

Who is it, that from daily use,  
 Can furnish up a fit excuse,  
 To gad abroad and gather news?  
 The tale-bearer.

When thirst of information burns,  
Who tempts young children in their turns  
To talk of family concerns?

The tale-bearer.

Who speaks the fairest to your face,  
To gain your judgment of a case;  
Then goes and tells what's taken place?

The tale-bearer.

Who apes the Wolf in deep disguise,  
And oft by flattery and lies,  
Imposes on the good and wise?

The tale-bearer.

Who separates the choicest friends,  
To suit more choice, more private ends,  
And then to innocence pretends?

The tale-bearer.

When brought to answer for a lie,  
Who heaves the artificial sigh,  
And pours forth tears from either eye?

The tale-bearer.

Who gives, quite generous and willing,  
In daily drops of praise distilling,  
A fortnight's flattery for a shilling ?

The tale-bearer.

Who trembles while the thunders roar,  
And prays a prayer unprayed before,  
Forgotten when the storm is o'er ?

The tale-bearer.

Who takes religion for a cloak,  
Yet keeps in season for a joke,  
Or joins in every kind of talk ?

The tale-bearer.

Who urges many a deadly thrust  
To wound the feelings of the just,  
Or lay their honour in the dust ?

The tale-bearer.

O! hear it, all ye servile crew ;  
How much less mischief would ensue,  
How much less scandal, but for you,  
O, tale-bearers.

How much more sweet would friendship be,  
Friendship combin'd with piety,  
If but society were free  
From tale-bearers.

This hope is premature and vain,  
While ears, while purses, stock'd with gain,  
Are open to the flattering train  
Of tale-bearers.

## SLANDER.—A FRAGMENT.



'Tis slander ! hellish, snaky-crested slander !  
Ah ! who has gather'd wisdom to withstand her !  
Or, fraught with wit, has ever yet brought forth  
The ways and means to drive her from the earth.

Have you a friend, or are you blest with many ?  
Slander creeps in, quite unobserv'd by any ;  
Cloak'd up in muffled guise, that thus she may  
The more securely victimize her prey.

Friendship in front,—destruction in her rear,  
Yet how she labours to be thought sincere ;  
While like a weathercock, where'er you find her,  
She always turns her forky tail behind her.

Devour she must, or be herself devour'd,  
 By broods of harpies in her bosom cow'r'd;  
 Croaking themselves, a little less unblest,  
 While robbing virtue of her wonted rest.

O'er living worth and inoffensive life,  
 She loves to draw the butcher's barbarous knife;  
 Yet life itself affords not ample room,  
 For after death she stabs her in the tomb.

The world's blind bigots—what, if they destroy  
 Each other's comfort and each other's joy?  
 Their's the cold honour envy never sought,  
 And their's the cruel retrospect of thought.

But men of science! pilgrims of the sod!  
 Engaged on themes that lead the soul to God!  
 Stoop low, indeed, when they her orgies grace,  
 And add thereto the mockery of grimace.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ye powers above! right welcome make me know  
 Each wide extreme of honourable woe;—  
 Give me to grope through poverty's dark night,  
 But keep me safe from *her* envenom'd bite.

MORTALITY.—A SONNET.

---

THOU Sun ! beneath whose mild benignant sway  
This earth fulfils her courses ; and thou Moon,  
So softly shining, while rude mortals sleep !  
Still your time-shortening shadows cast, at noon,  
Or paler midnight ; and with noiseless sweep  
Bring me, bring all to swell the common heap  
Of prince and beggar's undistinguish'd clay.  
Then, what is earth, with all its crooked ways .  
And ceaseless din of politics, to me  
A passing pilgrim ;—shortly coffin'd o'er,  
And followed to the grave, with nothing more  
Than one plain stone, to mark my resting-place ?  
O ! mark it not ; my fonder choice would be  
Where wild flowers wave upon the grassy lea.

## A FRAGMENT.

---

AH, cheerless world ! ah, foolish me !  
That e'er I sought for rest from thee !  
A dream, which day-break sweeps away,—  
A dew-drop on the lap of May.  
To-day one pleasing smile appears,  
To-morrow drowns that smile in tears ;  
And every stroke of blasted bliss  
Tells what a wretched world is this.  
Yet on this rude unhallow'd earth  
Hope puts her tender blossoms forth ;—  
Supports the mind oppress'd with care,  
And gilds the blackness of despair.  
Sweet seraph from the realms of light !  
Spread far and wide thy pinions bright ;  
Thy galaxy of joys impart,  
And comfort every drooping heart.

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

---

FATHER of mercies, God supreme,  
O ! teach me to be wise ;  
O ! teach me what I should esteem,  
And what I should despise.

To thee my orphan cries ascend ;  
Shew me my sins forgiven !  
Be Thou my Father and my Friend,  
And write my name in heaven.

Defenceless, empty, vain and weak,  
Yet wheresoe'er I be,  
O! help my helpless soul to seek  
Sufficiency in Thee.

Anoint my dark beclouded eyes,  
Each inbred lust subdue;  
Teach me—O teach me to be wise,  
And keep my end in view;

Lest I forget the transient state  
Of all things here below,  
And trifle till it is too late  
To escape eternal woe.

For pleasure chants her tuneful airs,  
And vanity unfurl'd,  
Spreads a false glitter o'er the snares  
Of this deceitful world.

Temptation lurks on every side,  
To flatter and betray;  
But thou, O! Lord, shalt be my guide,  
Through all the dangerous way.

So shall Thy goodness and Thy power  
Employ my latest breath,  
Nor leave me at the trying hour,  
To meet the grasp of Death.

Then should no earthly friend be near,  
To close my sinking eyes,  
Attendant angels wait to bear  
My spirit to the skies.

## A FATHER'S PASSING THOUGHTS.

---

I LOOK upon my children dear,  
I look upon the world and sigh,  
I look upon myself and think  
How shortly I must die.

And sorely wrong'd, and much oppress'd,  
As thousands are, and long have been :  
'Tis doubtful you must struggle through,  
A wilder, darker scene.

Your joyous hearts but little know  
The wily ways of wicked men !  
O then once more to please me, play  
Those gambols o'er again.

---

Huge clouds seem gathering round and round,  
Of darker shade and deadlier hue !  
And with a wild and maddening rage,  
May burst perhaps on you.

Corruption with its venal breath  
Polluting, stalks through every land !  
And I, if Britain was my theme, [hand.  
Should write with trembling

The time has been when British youth  
Might proudly boast of British birth ;  
Land of my Fathers, be again  
The glory of the Earth :

And if a brighter day should dawn,  
And heaven should wipe away our tears :  
My grateful heart would leap to pay  
The tribute of my fears.

Then fare ye well, when o'er my grave  
The wild wind waves the herbage nigh ;  
O think upon your latter end,  
And what it is to die !

Afflictions, should they prove your lot,  
Remember they have oft been mine!  
And His who would decrease them not,  
Then why should we repine?

For God is good, his promise sure,  
His mercies manifold and great ;  
And in his gracious hands I leave  
Your body, soul and state.

THE DEAD FATHER,

AS SPOKEN BY HIS CHILD.

---

His eyes are clos'd, his face is pale,  
And stiffen'd every limb !  
Whatever sorrow may prevail,  
It matters not to him.

Those eyes that beam'd with every grace,  
Or kindled with a frown,  
Since Death let fall his leaden mace,  
Seem not my Father's own.

That sunken cheek to me how strange !  
How shrivell'd it appears !  
It must be Death has made the change,  
And not the lapse of years.

That tongue which bid me firmly walk  
In wisdom's pleasant ways,  
Or chid me for my babbling talk,  
Has ceas'd to blame or praise.

Speak! O! my Father, tell that tale  
Which pleas'd so oft before !  
When I was wont thy smile to hail,  
And dance upon the floor.

Speak! O! my Father, since 'tis I  
Who kindly speak to thee ;  
In vain I weep, in vain I sigh,  
It must not, cannot be.

It cannot, for my Mother bends,  
And seems to speak to thee ;  
And all this stir of weeping friends,  
Is not concerning me.

And will they bear him hence away,  
And cover him from my sight?  
Ah! then the coffin-sounding clay  
Will break my heart outright.

But Mother says I should not weep,  
God takes but what was given;  
And Death is but a kindly sleep,  
Through which we enter heaven.

Then let me live as Father did,  
The season God has given,  
That I be ready when I'm bid,  
Thus to depart to heaven.

## I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

JOB ; *chap.* VII. *ver.* XVI.

---

I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay ;  
For rough is the journey, and thorny the way :  
And I look at the stars as they glitter by night,  
And I think of the regions beyond with delight,  
And I gaze till I fancy their music I hear,  
I would not live alway, I long to be there.

I would not live alway : though painful to part  
From the long-cherish'd objects that twine round my  
    heart,  
Left alone and unaided to buffet life's wave,  
While I'm sleeping the stony-eyed sleep of the grave,  
How mournful the thought, yet, whate'er may betide,  
I would not live alway : the Lord will provide.

I would not live alway ; temptation is strong,  
And weak the resistance to rapine and wrong ;  
No help for the helpless, no ear for his cries,  
No hand to wipe softly the tears from his eyes ;  
Through faith then look up, there's deliverance for  
thee,

O, who would live alway, that longs to be free ?

I would not live alway : 'tis bliss to behold  
The Lamb in his glory, 'mid harpings of gold ;  
To share in the praises, to join in the song,  
Through ages eternally rolling along ;  
New wonders unfolding, for ever, anon,  
I would not live alway : I wait to be gone.

## TIME'S REMONSTRANCE.



FLEETING moment, prithee stay !  
Whither ? why so swift away ?—  
Heedless mortal, prithee think,  
Tottering fast on ruin's brink :  
I proclaim no mortal's fate,  
Why should mortal bid me wait ?

Echo, in a dying tone,  
Gently whispers, I am gone,  
Whistling loud to break thy trance,  
Winds embody my advance ;  
While to mark my progress more,  
Lightnings flash, and thunders roar.

Yet should hoary head complain,  
Moments speed their course amain,  
Fraught with griefs, and sighs, and tears,  
Growing with the lapse of years !  
Mine the fault ?—I tell thee nay !  
Same my speed when thou wast gay.

Mark the glorious Orb of Light !  
Rising, setting, all is right ;  
Neither blame my speed nor me,  
Measure as I measure thee !  
Scattering mercies—mine to fly,  
Thine to gather them or die.

SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

---

BEHOLD how the clouds o'er the verge of the mountain,  
On the wings of the tempest fly swiftly along,  
Or the birds while they skim the smooth breast of  
the fountain,

All wheeling and darting each other among !  
Though rapid their motion, let mortal recall,  
That time is careering the swiftest of all.

Through the dark gloom of midnight the heavens  
disparting,

The lightning's red glare is prepar'd for by none,  
Too quick to be witness'd, except at departing,  
Its coming is lost in the haste to be gone !  
How rapid its motion ! yet man should recall,  
That time is careering the swiftest of all.

Man dies, and how soon, like the pall that's spread  
o'er him,  
Oblivion's dark mantle creeps over his name,  
Yet teachless, like thousands forgotten before him,  
We snatch at the perishing bubble of Fame!  
There's a quickness in these things, but man should  
recall,  
That time is careering the swiftest of all.

Then mark the short day-time of life as it passes,  
'Tis darksome and cloudy, and soon will be o'er,  
That when the cold graspings of Death shall embrace  
us,  
Hope's Angel may point to some happier shore;—  
How sweetly consoling to such as recall,  
That time is careering the swiftest of all!

THE SEA.

---

GLORIOUS Sea! for ever rolling!  
Great the power that formed thee!  
Wave to furious wave succeeding,  
Now advancing, now receding,  
Little of its neighbour heeding,  
Dancing, flauntingly and free,  
Sight magnificent to me.  
Though madness urge  
Each rising surge,  
All proudly in defiance howling;  
None are too proud for *His* controlling,  
Mighty as thou seem'st to be,  
Ever restless glorious Sea.

Humbling thought, all pride abasing,

One far-outstretch'd gaze on thee,

Fills the mind with deep devotion,

Baffles every doubtful notion,

Who first whirl'd th'untiring motion

O'er thy trackless breast, O Sea !

Asking man no leave to be.

Roll on, and roar

Then evermore;

Each curly billow thou art raising,

Unconscious is its Maker praising ;

Why then should I more silent be

Since the same Power created me ?

## YOUNG CARLOS.

---

'Twas on the Sabbath day,  
Young "Carlos" sought a ride;  
His boasted prowess to display,  
Drest with equestrian pride.

Though told the noble steed  
Nor spur, nor whip would bear:  
He mounted! and with lightning speed  
Flew through the yielding air.

Awhile he kept his hold,  
And tightly held the mane,  
Then on the flinty pavement roll'd,—  
He never spoke again.

Let pity fill your breast,  
Though blame is justly due ;  
And think how oft the "Day of Rest"  
Has been misspent by you.

## MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

---

I KNEW a young Gent, whom they called William  
Donn,  
Who cried when refused what his mind set upon ;  
A clasp-knife, a pistol with powder and shot,  
Or even a sword, whether proper or not ;  
He would have what he wanted, or else he would die,  
And too fondly his parents were wont to comply,  
His Father adored him, in his dear Mother's eyes  
He appeared like a cherub, new come from the skies ;  
Approaching to manhood, like training, like fruit,  
He had ceased to blubber, but kick'd like a brute ;  
Hope lingered awhile like a wreck on the wave,  
But Despair brooded round, at the signal he gave,  
His parents both sunk to a premature grave.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

---

THE world's deceitful, yet 'tis strangely true,  
In quest of bliss, its pleasures we pursue ;  
Untaught by proofs which sad experience brings,  
We pluck the rose that hides a thousand stings.

'Tis not in birth, 'tis not in spreading fame,  
Tis not in titles that adorn a name ;  
'Tis not in deeds with leaves of laurel crown'd,  
'Tis not in these that happiness is found.

Could wealth bestow it, then the rolling car  
Would bear no burdens with themselves at war ;  
The stream of bliss would sweetly chime along,  
With none but Princes listeners to the song.

The charms of nature ravishingly sweet,  
Enrich the fancy, yet 'tis but a treat ;—  
Earth, with its treasures, has not that to give  
For which we languish, and for which we live.

Romantic dells, where silence, still as death,  
Starts at an echo from the slightest breath ;  
By roving thought to muse upon the past,  
May yield a pleasure to the man of taste.

Yet many a poor unletter'd man may view  
The self-same scenes without emotion due ;  
And yet be taught of gracious heaven to feel  
An impulse nobler and a warmer zeal.

To feast on nature to admire her scenes,  
And bow like some to worship Ever-greens,  
May lure the mind to hide a secret frown,  
At nature's dissolution and our own.

Range where we may on Earth's revolving sphere,  
With heaven unsought and hopes unanchor'd there ;  
Man weeps an orphan or he toils a slave,  
Till life's rough passage leads him to the grave.

## SONNET.—MORTALITY.

---

THE poor man dies ;—the proud regards it not ;  
The busy wordling slightly asks the cause  
Why death was not prevented ? and the sot  
Cheating himself into a false repose,  
Drinks up, and whistles for another pot.  
The rich man dies, despite the practis'd skill  
Of costly means ; then, all the difference made  
Is pomp funereal, and a cavalcade  
Of muffled mourners, and the unwelcome chill  
Of idle gossips on the dead man's will.  
Thus move the passing pageants of a day ;  
Thus man departs, and thus consumes away,  
Forgotten soon by beings of his kind,  
As we shall be by those we leave behind.

SONNET.—TO THE BEE.

---

THOU sharp reprover of my idle hours,  
Dost thou, alive to boasted reformation,  
Indulge, like me, to-morrow's pleasing hope?  
Frail hope—the parent of continued grief,  
To-morrow's fate may clog thy balmy spoil,  
And crush thy life to justify neglect.  
But ah! this censure marks the plotted path  
We mortals tread: while oft in thoughtless state  
Securely wrapt, we drown the passing hours,  
Amidst the drowsy dreams of future bliss,  
The Bee reproachful toils, and buzzing bids  
Perfidious reason's withering schemes farewell,  
Ye flattering ensigns of a cheated World! adieu,  
The Bee enthroned on virtue, asks no bliss from you.

THE BROKEN HEARTED.  

---

AMID this changing scene, that brings  
Its flourish and decay ;  
Old Time with me, on flow'ry wings,  
Has gently sped away.  
My hours, with wreathy fragrance fraught,  
Like golden dreams departed,—  
A stranger to the painful thought  
Of dying "Broken Hearted."

My quiet home had constant charms,  
Which music deign'd to grace ;  
I clasp'd an infant in my arms,  
The image of my race :  
My bosom heav'd with rapturous swell,  
The lovely scene imparted ;  
While oft, perchance, the passing bell  
Toll'd for the "Broken Hearted."

All heaven above—all earth below—  
I mark'd a power divine ;  
And humbly seeking such to know,  
I found that blessing mine :  
And should no work of sculptur'd fame  
E'er trace the word departed ;  
Alive in Him, 'tis all the same,  
Though dying "Broken Hearted."

Thus homeward bound, in wane of life ;  
Long crown'd with locks of grey ;  
I lost my loving, faithful wife—  
My partner in the way,  
Then first I felt the weight of grief,  
And strength of mind departed ;

And from despairing sought relief,  
And mourn'd the "Broken Hearted."

My son, in mercy left behind,—  
I thought thereon and wept ;  
(Whose children stay'd my wavering mind,  
As round my heart they crept ;)  
Then follow'd soon,—but is not dead,—  
Though for a time departed ;  
I feel a swimming in my head—  
I feel I'm "Broken Hearted."

Yet once, of late, methinks, I saw  
The mattock and the spade ;  
And second coffin resting low,  
Where my dear wife was laid ;—  
And heard a widow ask relief  
From such as never smarted :  
Life's springs dried up through age and grief—  
Sure this is "Broken Hearted."

Around my neck the orphans bend,  
And sportive tricks display ;  
While on their smiling cheeks descend

The tears I cannot stay ;  
Unconscious, through my aching breast,  
The hidden pang has darted ;  
While praying we may all be blest,  
I die the "Broken Hearted."

Though like ripe corn when tempest-swept,  
Bow'd down thy fruit appears ;  
A record of thy faith was kept,  
A bottle for thy tears.  
Unmarr'd amidst the tempest's shock,—  
Unscath'd when lightnings darted ;—  
Thy hopes were founded on that rock  
Which heals the "Broken Hearted !"

SONNET.

---

Oh Love ! fond tempter—could I find in thee  
That blest alliance to each virtuous aim ;  
That truth unrivall'd, form'd alike to know  
A bliss in sorrow, and a hope in woe ;  
With warbling pleasure would I grace my name,  
And give myself thy suppliant—boast to be,  
But ah ! too oft with formal joy elate,  
Th' unwary victims proudly meet their fate ;  
While long delay, and hope denied at last  
Misplace the future and revenge the past :—  
Ah ! then no more with joy the bosom warms,  
Or trusts to-morrow hopeful of its charms,  
But black despair, fast brooding, drinks their  
    quiv'ring breath,  
And spreads a gloom on every avenue but death.

POPULAR APPLAUSE.

---

Oh! why should patient worth be scorned,  
And merit feel neglect,  
While pride by meekness unadorn'd ;  
Is treated with respect.

Is it because the heart of man,       \*  
Too fond of outward show,  
Becomes the friend of him who can,  
Some equal meed bestow ?

If less of poverty we find,  
Why should we love the more,  
Or proudly seem to be unkind ;  
Because the man is poor ?

I've seen the tulip tow'ring high,  
    Its gaudy colours spread ;  
And shelter'd from the inclement sky,  
    In some convenient shed.

I've seen the daisy's lovely form  
    Of every charm possest ;  
Yet bending low beneath the storm  
    That sweeps the mountain's breast.

So fares it oft with genuine worth,  
    The kindred boon they crave ;  
Is oft denied while here on earth,  
    Or wasted on their grave.

Yet think not for ourselves we claim  
    Such high distinction due ;  
Were we deserving of the same,  
    We would be silent too.

•

## LINES

ON THE FORMATION OF A BIBLE ASSOCIATION AT  
HEBDEN BRIDGE.

---

SAD is the thought of endless woe,  
Yet crowds on crowds where'er we go  
Are wallowing in the filth of sense,  
At their immortal soul's expense.  
Stand still and wonder that the dead  
Rise not to action in our stead,  
When such vast ages have gone by  
Since the formation of the sky,  
And yet at this enlightened day,  
Of living millions might we say ;

For lack of knowledge they are bid  
To live as their forefathers did.  
Satan, the prince of darkness still,  
Leads thousands captive at his will,  
Persuades the heart of many a man,  
To raise objections to our plan,  
And curses, with infernal rage,  
The institutions of the age.  
Hence if you urge your claims on some,  
Almost offended they become,  
And use expressions vain and rash,  
In order to preserve their cash.  
Some tell you, with concern indeed,  
The poor have no desire to read :—  
All who have eyesight must agree,  
'Tis no uncommon thing to see,  
The Bible cover'd with a crust  
Of long accumulating dust :  
The greatest treasure, if unsought,  
Is seldom valued as it ought,  
And till Jehovah shake the bones,  
Breath is but spent in fruitless groans.  
These and a thousand pleas beside,  
Arise from ignorance and pride,

And Satan to inflate us more,  
Has puffs abundant yet in store.  
Restless he tries each flattering scheme,  
To raise us in our own esteem,  
Or, if we're unconcerned to claim  
The honour due to sober fame,  
He adds a charm to base pursuits,  
And sinks us lower than the brutes.  
Intent on leading souls astray  
Could we his dark designs survey,  
Sure past neglect we should deplore,  
And prize our bibles more and more.

## TO MARIA.

---

THE linnet may sing in the bush,  
The hawthorn may bloom in the dale !  
The sky be o'erspread with a beautiful blush,  
When the shades of the evening prevail.

To-day may give place to to-morrow,  
And year after year steal away !  
To numbers alas they bring nothing but sorrow,  
Then why should they wish them to stay ?

For the poor cry aloud in their pain,  
With none to afford them relief!  
Pass away then, 'tis painful to live and remain  
A helpless spectator of grief.

Denied the hard lot of a slave,  
Vainly begging to toil for their bread :  
So thousands complacently look on the grave,  
And are longing to rest with the dead.

Pass away, then ! Hope bounds o'er the gloom,  
And Mercy alights at his side,  
To gild the dark pathway that leads to the tomb,  
With a brightness that earth has denied.

## THE ROSE.



MODEST flower, I love to view thee,  
All suffused in blushes red !  
'Twas not I who lately drew thee,  
Wanton from thy lowly bed !

Sad the emblem thou art seeming,  
Of a heart that thinks no ill !  
Each alike in fading, bleeding,  
Sheds a dying fragrance still.

## SONNET—ALL IS VANITY.

---

TELL me of riches—those uncertain things  
Full oft ascend on self-created wings,  
And flutter far away:  
Tell me of beauty's dazzling charms,  
And place a goddess in my arms,  
Of more than mortal clay!  
Tell me of fame,—and bid the nations meet,  
To pay their homage at my princely feet;  
Yet would my restless spirit find,  
That happiness was still behind;  
For riches, beauty, birth, and fame,  
Are nothing but an earthly name,  
That with its proud possessor dies,  
Nor leaves him leisure to be wise.

## ON WITNESSING A SCENE OF DISTRESS.

---

My heart is heavy with distress,  
I sigh not for myself alone,  
Those sorrows which I can't express,  
Are heard and answered with a groan.

I see my children meanly clad,  
I hear their piteous cries for bread,  
With hungry looks repeating—Dad,  
When will our Mother come with bread?

All this I see and feel and hear,  
And where's the man with heart so dead,  
That could withhold the piteous tear,  
When Mother comes and brings no bread?

My heart is heavy with distress,  
I sigh not for myself alone,  
Those sorrows which I can't express,  
Are heard and answered with a groan.

DESPONDENCY.

---

HAPPY they who free from mourning,  
No sad change of fortune know ;  
Lovely peace each day returning,  
With a smile upon its brow.

But to me oppress'd with sorrow,  
Worn with toil and care and grief ;  
To-day departing brings to-morrow,  
But it brings me no relief.

Tost on life's resistless ocean,  
Nought of prospect brightening fair,  
What can stay its rugged motion,  
What can banish my despair.

Disappointment, pain, and anguish,  
Earth has little else to give ;  
For the bread of Heaven I languish,  
Let me eat thereof and live.

---

LOVE.

---

THERE is a love that lasts awhile,  
    A one day's flower—no more ;  
OPEN in the sunshine of a smile,  
    And shuts when clouds come o'er.

THERE is a love that ever lasts,  
    A shrub that's always green ;  
IT flowers amid the bitter blast,  
    And checks a wintry scene.

A cheek, an eye, a well-turned foot,  
    May give the first its birth ;  
THE floweret has but little root,  
    And asks but little earth.

NO scanty soil true love must find,  
    IT's vigour to control ;  
IT plants itself upon the mind,  
    And strikes upon the soul.

## SONNET,

ON HEARING A SERMON DELIVERED BY THE

REV. WILLIAM BUTLER, &amp;c

---

HIGH soaring through the vast expanse of heaven  
On fancy's wings triumphantly he rides,—  
Depicts the glowing glories of the skies  
With eloquence divine,—then downward glides  
Amid the depths of hell, where, hope ungiven,  
Tortures the worm that never never dies ;  
And not unlike God's messengers of old,  
With shuddering pow'r spits fury from his tongue  
Of smell sulphureous, startling to the bold,  
The time-destroying sinner, harden'd long  
Through God's abus'd forbearance ; then in  
          strains  
Of melting pity pours out, there remains  
A fountain open, where the sin-sick soul  
May plunge and wash and be at once made whole.

SONNET.  

---

In various ways the shorten'd life of man,  
Through this his dreary pilgrimage below,  
Perplex'd with grief and care, is pass'd away.  
Though some of promise fair, lost to their friends,  
Escaping rest in an untimely grave,  
And die lamented—yet prepared are blest :  
Those who survive to weep their early doom,  
As time advances and the storm comes on,  
Have cause to sorrow they were left to move,  
And left to toil where plenty does not smile,  
No welcome voice—no cheering ray of hope  
To promise distant comfort—all is dead,  
And grief thereby is added—for the cloud  
That's passing now adds sorrows to the gloom.

THE BARD'S CONCEIT.  

---

I ASK not wealth, nor fame, nor pow'r,  
Nor fondly covet to be great;  
Such short-lived blessings of an hour,  
Alas ! no real joys create.

In some obscure sequester'd cot,  
For ever let my dwelling be ;  
By all the giddy world forgot,  
And all the world forgot by me.



Here, day by day, and night by night,  
No hateful sounds would fill my ears ;  
Nor warlike tidings would excite  
False flattering hopes, or dismal fears.

Content and happy, free from care,  
I'll fix my thoughts on things above,  
Where never, never can despair,  
Molest or interrupt our love.

Let others all alive appear,  
And boast of charms which nature gave :—  
I'm but a pilgrim-stranger here,  
A weary traveller to the grave.

Ah ! long in folly's course I've stray'd,  
And listen'd to the Syren's song,  
By youthful flattering hopes betray'd.—  
A distant visionary throng.

And shall I yet indulge one thought,  
Alive to pleasures once so dear ?  
Or drop, as dying friendship ought,  
The parting tribute of a tear ?

Ah ! no ! far nobler prospects rise,  
In boundless beauty on my view !  
A richer gift,—a heav'nly prize,—  
Demands my heart away from you

Farewell to all I once called good,  
Farewell to all the proud esteem,  
Farewell to all that never could  
One single hour of life redeem.

Thus let me seek a lasting rest,  
Thus let me curb each vain desire,  
Thus let me live securely blest,  
And thus at last let me expire.

## THE SOUL'S ERRAND.



Go, Soul! the body's guest, upon a thankless errand ;  
Fear not to touch the best, the truth shall be thy  
warrant,

Go, since I needs must die and give the world the lie,  
Tell zeal it lacks devotion, tell love it is but lust,  
Tell time it is but motion, tell flesh it is but dust,  
And wish them not reply, for thou must give the lie,  
Tell fortune of her blindness, tell nature of decay,  
Tell friendship of unkindness, tell justice of delay,  
And if they will reply, then give them all the lie ;  
And when thou hast, as I commanded thee, done  
blabbing,

Although to give the lie deserves no less than  
stabbing,  
Yet stab at thee who will, no stab the soul can kill.

THE MENDICANT.  

---

THE cold wintry snow flakes, around me are falling,  
The summer is over and gone,  
To me the sad contrast is truly appalling,  
Since money and friends have I none.  
Once I had a home and a hearth that were hallowed,  
With tokens of comfort and peace,  
Now I crawl like a reptile unheeded, unvalued,  
The victim of want and disease.

The poor man has oftentimes bless'd me, at seeing  
His wants from my stores well supplied;  
And I trust I'm the only unfortunate being,  
To whom such returns are denied;  
Hope withers apace! and the furrows of care,  
Their ravaging race have begun,  
And I hear the dull moanings of sullen despair,  
Upbraiding for duties undone.

I have tasted of riches, if then I grew vain,  
And scorn'd the poor fare of the cot;  
O! keep me, great Father, from sinning again,  
In wishing them now they are not,  
I have pass'd, I have pass'd, through a tempest of  
sorrow,  
And bitter and biting the blast:  
Like others around me, I know no to-morrow,  
'Tis lost in the present and past.

I have witness'd distress in the sheds of the poor,  
Seen plenty returning again;  
The seasons of sunshine give place to the shower:  
And pleasure the victim of pain.  
A day, or an hour, may give birth to the blow,

Such change may hereafter be thine;  
Tho' unthinking like me, till I tasted of woe,  
I dreamt not such change would be mine.

'Twas thus that dread scourge, the cholera, came,  
And my kindred swept off in a day;  
Enfeebled and old, and desponding and lame,  
My desire is to hasten away;  
Vain world, I resign thee! ere long I must die,  
And I pray that my sins be forgiven;  
I have marked out the spot where my body shall lie,  
And my soul seeks her refuge in heaven.

THE CRACK'D HOUSE.<sup>11</sup>

---

My house is crack'd as you may see,  
But not so very wide,  
Right glad and thankful should I be  
Were nothing crack'd beside.

My purse is crack'd, when I begin  
To fill the treacherous clout,  
As fast as I can put aught in,  
'Tis sure to shuffle out.

My temper 's crack'd, and well it may,  
Since oft against my will,  
I make sad cracks from day to day,  
My office to fulfil.

My head is crack'd, and oft at times,  
Feels so disposed to blunder,  
That none who gaze on these crack'd rhymes,  
Will feel disposed to wonder.

My heart is crack'd, and factious deeds  
Impel the coming murder,  
But if the righteous cause succeeds,  
Perhaps 'twill crack no further.

But there are more things crack'd beside  
My cottage and myself,  
In some the gaping cracks of pride  
Are plaster'd up with pelf.

And others, though reputed sound,  
Crack'd fearfully all over,  
In great abundance would be found,  
Could we pull off the cover.

And some there are who proudly think  
Their cracks are very small,  
And some who scruple not to blink,  
They have no cracks at all.

Till some fierce crack with vengeance sped,  
    Betrays their empty trust,  
Sweeps like a whirlwind round their head,  
    And proves them common dust.

Crack follows crack, design'd to shake  
    Our towering Babels down,  
And mar the Idols that we make,  
    And fondly call our own.

And spreading cracks from age to age,  
    Taxation, debt and glory,  
In bloody lines mark out the page,  
    That tells the world's dark story.

Crack'd houses may be soon repair'd,  
    Crack'd purses need more skill,  
Crack'd tempers, as I've heard declar'd,  
    Depend upon the will.

Crack'd heads and hearts like flitting sparks,  
    The mischief speedier ends,  
Alas ! for him whose memory marks,  
    The cracks of treacherous friends.

## EXTEMPORANEOUS STANZAS,

ON THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

---

O LORD of hosts, the God of truth,  
Assist us to subdue our foes ;  
We would not supplicate thine aid,  
Save in a righteous cause.

If we have madly join'd the strife,  
Then teach us timely to repent ;  
To conquer for its sake alone,  
Is not our sworn intent.

But more to let th' oppress'd go free,  
And break at once the galling chain,  
Is Britain's watchword on the land,  
Her mission on the main.

For who can tell Siberia's wrongs,  
Whose exiles only live to know,  
Their hope is borrow'd from despair,  
Their sepulchre the snow.

Poor hapless souls ! what have they done  
Life's current comforts thus to mar ?  
To practise virtue is enough,  
If it displease the Czar.

But should discomfiture ensue,  
And furnish spoils for freedom's tomb ;  
A fate more cruel than our fears,  
Would be our bitter doom.

Then lift the heaven-imploring look,  
And scale the ramparts of the sky ;  
For Abraham's God will not disdain  
To hear a Nation's cry.

And thus let every nation know  
The Lord is God, and God alone,  
And human gods, both great and small,  
Usurpers of his throne.

ODE TO PEACE.  

---

PEACE ! heav'n-born stranger, now descends,  
To visit our glad isle ;—  
The bloody scene of warfare ends,  
Our former foes are turn'd to friends,  
And joy begets a smile.

In answer to our pray'rful tears,  
Come, lovely exile, come,  
To silence man's unhappy fears,  
Dispel the gloom that sorrow wears,  
And make our hearts thy home.

Come, and for ever banish war  
And bloodshed from the earth ;  
Thy visits, oh, how sweet they are,  
Absence has made thee lovelier far,  
And taught the world thy worth.

Come, scatter plenty all around,  
And fly from pole to pole,  
No earthly dwelling shall be found  
Where Peace is not a welcome sound,  
The hope, the joy of all.

Welcome to every British breast,  
Let bards enraptur'd sing,  
Welcome to give all nations rest,  
And be our gratitude exprest,  
To heaven's eternal King.

Oh ! Britain ! while exalted high,  
By hostile feet untrod,  
Bespoil'd the neighbouring nations lie ;  
Now let the proud look round, and cry,  
Ah ! is there not a *God* ?

'Tis true, Britannia's fame is great,  
She triumphs o'er the sea ;  
But did not salt preserve the state,  
How short, how transient would the date  
Of all that triumph be !

Consider this, ye wanton crew,  
Whilst revelling in mirth,  
JEHOVAH finding none but you,  
His ancient mandate might renew,  
And sweep you from the earth.

Sin is the sole procuring cause  
Of blood already spilt,  
Then, O my soul ! be far from those  
Who weave the web of future woes,  
And make their boast of guilt.

Ye dark mischievous sons of hell,  
Your impious deeds give o'er,  
PEACE cannot love with you to dwell,  
Your frantic rage, your hideous yell,  
Will fright her from our shore.

But ah ! shall PEACE when bought with blood,  
The blood of thousands slain !  
Be maim'd by war's infernal brood ;  
Barter'd for individual good,  
Or sold for sordid gain ?

The man that proudly seeks renown  
By aiming to destroy ;  
O let him share the task alone,  
Or live unpitied and unknown,  
Amidst a world of joy.

Let rust creep o'er the glittering blade,  
So often dipt in gore ;  
Be war's destructive engines laid  
Deep as the mines from which they're made,  
And brought to light no more.

Then shall the earth enjoy repose,  
And plenty smile around,  
Success attend the better cause,  
And blessings rest instead of woes,  
Upon the smitten ground.

Hope, by long hoping turn'd to pain,  
Shall turn to joy at last ;  
Parents who mourn their children slain,  
Shall clasp them in their arms again,  
And quite forget the past.

Truth shall emit a brighter ray,  
And liberty increase,  
Error's dark cloud shall flee away,  
Beneath the mild benignant sway,  
Of ever-lovely PEACE.

Sweet is the thought when foreign foes  
Forget a name so foul ;  
Sweet to escape domestic woes,  
But sweeter still is that repose,  
Which settles on the soul.

SHE PRAYED A SWEET PRAYER.

---

AFTER tea, when the chat of the evening was o'er,  
Where a party had met that might never meet more;  
A lady who thought so, just whisper'd to say,  
Perhaps ere we part 'twould be better to pray,  
    And she pray'd a sweet pray'r;  
For the spirit of love and devotion was there.

She pray'd with a feeling, that told of its truth,  
Of the snares and the dangers that wait upon youth;  
The changes that chequer this sorrowful life,  
The toils of the husband, the cares of the wife,  
    And sweet was the pray'r,  
For a friend in the neighbour united, was there.

She pray'd for the household, the sick and the whole,  
That the blessing of God might descend on them all;  
'Twas an artless outbreathing, disarming control,  
And pure as it came from, it went to the soul ;

A sweet simple pray'r,  
For the heart-touching voice of affection was there.

O'er the regions of bliss, where the harps are of gold,  
And the pleasures too lasting and pure to be told ;  
A feeling of sacred endearment she threw,  
That seem'd to diminish this earth to our view ;

And sweet was the pray'r,  
For the hope of a rest never ending was there.

Then sweetly contrasting this pilgrimage strife,  
With the joys that still flow from the well-springs of  
life :

The fears that assail us with firmness of faith,  
That copes with temptation nor staggers at death,

She clos'd her sweet pray'r,  
And a foretaste of heaven was felt to be there.

THE ECHO.<sup>12</sup>

---

I stood on the banks of a swift flowing river,  
While I mark'd its clear current roll speedily past,  
It seem'd to my fancy for ever repeating,  
That the dearest enjoyments of life would not last!  
"Oh! tell me," I said, "rapid stream of the valley,  
That bear'st in thy course the blue waters away,  
Can the joys of life's morning awake but to vanish?  
Can the feelings of love be all doomed to decay?  
An echo repeated—" All doom'd to decay."

"Flow on in thy course, rapid stream of the valley,  
Since the pleasures of life we so quickly resign;  
My heart shall rejoice in the wild scenes of nature,  
And friendship's delights, while they yet may be  
mine.

Must all the sweet charms of mortality perish?  
And friendship's endearments—Oh! will they not  
stay?

The simple enchantments of soft blooming nature,  
And the pleasures of mind—must they too fade  
away?

The echo slow answer'd—"They too fade away."

"And where," I exclaim'd, "is there hope for the  
mourner,

A balm for his sorrow, a smile for his grief?  
If beautiful scenes like the present shall vanish,  
Where—where shall we seek for a certain relief?"  
"O! fly" said my soul, to the feet of my Saviour,  
Believe in his mercy, for pardon now pray,  
With Him there is fulness of joy and salvation,  
Thy gladness shall live and shall never decay!"  
The echo said sweetly—"Shall never decay."

## ODE TO BRITAIN,

WRITTEN A SHORT TIME BEFORE THE BATTLE OF  
DRESDEN.

---

HAIL ! Britain, hail ! great sovereign of the sea,  
With fame unrivall'd, and with flag unfurl'd,  
    Long hast thou been and long shalt be,  
    The hope and bulwark of the world.  
Sweet land of liberty and light.  
Much as thou art for lofty deeds renown'd,  
    And with abundant honour crown'd  
    The falling gloom of heath'nish night  
    (O Britain ! hear it with delight)  
Confers a dignity superior far  
To bloody triumphs or successful war.

Oh, happy land ! Oh, highly favoured isle !  
Where commerce thrives, and plenty deigns to smile !  
Of thee would I essay to sing,  
In tributary lays ;  
But the best offering I can bring,  
My poverty betrays.  
Land of all lands supremely blest,  
And favoured more than all the rest !  
No desolating armies pass,  
To crush the produce of the year ;  
No clotted piles of bloody grass,  
On British plains appear,  
For mercies thus with kind distinction fraught,  
May every Briton feel as thankful as he ought.  
Oppression, cruel foe,  
Now shakes her palsied head ;  
And expectation hails the blow,  
That ranks the monster with the dead.  
Experienced in woe,  
And long inur'd to groan,  
Europe unfetter'd rises from her chains,  
Rises to reap the profit of her pains,  
To make the laws of freedom known,  
And dash a tyrant from his throne.

Fond hope now whispers, war shall quickly cease,  
The present hour—O Britain ! seize,  
And lend thy counsels to restore,  
The groaning Continent once more,  
To independence, liberty, and peace,  
Here in thy fertile vallies see,  
How great a blessing peace must be,  
Then pause and think how different far,  
Where tyrants fix the seat of war.  
When savage herds of bold marauders fly,  
And leave no trace of comfort, save the wish to die.  
Hard was the conflict and the toil severe ;  
Nations on nations stood appall'd with fear,  
And all their wonted greatness lost !  
Britain alone beheld with firm disdain,  
The bloody symbols of a lawless reign,  
And taught the tyrant to his cost,  
That British blood is never spilt in vain ;  
Perplex'd and puzzl'd how to claim,  
An English title to his name,  
His vaunting threats pour'd in on every side ;  
Great man of pride,  
In luckless hour,  
Fall'n from the tott'ring pinnacle of power,

To which ambition led him; low he lies  
With flaming malice in his eyes !  
While Britain steady to her course,  
Defied his whole united force,  
His daylight dreams of mischief to perform,  
And with untarnish'd glory brav'd the threatening  
storm.

Hail ! Britain, hail ! great sovereign of the sea,  
With fame unrivall'd and with flag unfurl'd,—  
Heav'n has reserv'd a nobler task for thee,

Than splendid feats of victory,  
And arm'd thy sons with equal zeal,  
The saving purpose to reveal,

To a benighted perishable world.

England, the glory of the earth,  
First gives the mighty project birth,

That e'er employ'd the thoughts of man ;  
Well may the sceptic hide his blushing face,

And envy baffled, shrink away  
From the broad light of open day ;

Brimful of spite and cover'd with disgrace ;—

While even now from Britain's strand,  
Protected by the smiles of Heaven,  
The bread of life with lib'ral hand,

To starving multitudes is giv'n.  
Did Milton live to tune the lyre,  
To such a glorious theme as this,  
How should we sicken with desire,  
And feel how great our weakness is?  
O Britain ! from the dread of suffering freed,  
Hold on triumphant in thy better cause,  
And, like a nation great indeed,  
Repay with love the malice of thy foes.  
Cheer up ! ye fainting sons of men ;  
For the dark cloud while passing by,  
Matures the hopeful promise, when  
Sweet peace shall visit earth again,  
And war with all its horrors fly,  
The notice of a nation's eye.

## ON READING LORD BYRON'S VERSES,

GRAVEN ON THE SKULL OF ONE OF  
HIS ANCESTORS.

---

Does Byron know, or does he wish to know,  
That such a skull with such a liquor fill'd,  
For such a sensual and inglorious use,  
Is at the best an insult to himself.  
Deluded wretch ! the charms of Poesy,  
By him converted to the basest ends ;  
By genius dress'd in fancy's airy guise,  
Like sweeten'd poison, may deceive a fool ;  
But not indeed a greater than himself.

Or is he wise? or does he think he has  
That precious gem which others seek in vain? .  
Laughs he at death? and laughs he not at those  
Of wit superior, but of better sense,  
Who learn a lesson from the ills of life,  
And bow submission to the will of Heaven?  
What is he then! a man of genius! true,  
A blessing to himself—and others—No;  
He nurses, like a viper, in his breast  
A cursed proudness of opinion—that  
Dropt out in polish'd numbers pleases some,  
Like the dropt dung of stinking civet-cat.  
What is he then? 'tis needless to enquire,  
His wit is poison, and his friendship hell.

THE KING.

---

ARISE ! O Muse ! arise and sing ;  
Let Britons join,—“ God save the King ;”  
Triumphant spread his glorious name,  
While tyrants tremble at the fame ;  
And millions cease to be unblest,  
Who nightly weep themselves to rest.  
Should some lorn spirit cry, forbear !  
Let pity spread her mantle there ;—  
That vagrant feeling nurs'd by pride,  
What is it to the swelling tide,  
The burst of blessings, Britain brings,  
And pours upon her best of kings ?

Let all the sons of Science bow,  
And bind sweet favours round his brow ;

Let every Bard, that strikes the string,  
Weave a rich garland for the King ;  
And Genius cull his brightest gem,  
To grace the princely diadem ;  
And freedom twine, with golden thread,  
The flow'ry chaplet round his head.  
Then, to unwithering History's care,  
Let truth the curling cluster bear,  
And bid her in the page sublime,  
Embalm it on the lap of Time.

Then let the hills and valleys ring,  
With living shouts,—“ God save the King !”  
And spare him, God of heaven ! we pray,  
Till we have wiped our tears away ;—  
And spare him then a little while,  
Till we can bless him with a smile ;  
Then spare him till each child of ours  
Can run to deck his grave with flowers,  
’Till then let blessings crown his head,  
And crowd him on his dying bed ;  
And when the British Monarch dies,  
Take him ! O take him ! to the skies.

## STANZAS,

UNDER DEPRESSION OF MIND.

---

My soul, oppress'd with care  
And dark foreboding fears,  
Would fain find refuge from despair,  
But to the tempest wears  
A fiercer aspect, and the gathering gloom  
Makes me impatient of the tomb.

And yet, oh ! yet again,  
Say, whither shall I fly,  
For something, flitting through my brain,  
Asks what it is to die ?  
Then shrinking thoughtful from th' unequal strife,  
I fling me back again on life.

And must I live to hear  
The proud man's wanton jest ;  
See vice in virtue's garb appear,  
And honesty oppress ?  
Take me, O God, and make me thine,  
Or grant me patience so divine.

And ye, his saints, come tell  
A wretch forlorn like me,  
How I may live content and dwell  
With dull mortality.  
A Saviour's love if ye have felt,  
Come tell it, that my heart may melt.

That I may live and be  
A convert to his cause ;  
Submit to his authority,  
Obedient to his laws.  
If not, my tortur'd soul must go,  
To learn what mortals cannot know.

A PRAYER.

---

LORD of the earth and sea and sky,  
We praise thy glorious name ;  
Divinely great, enthron'd on high,  
For evermore the same.

But how shall sinners such as we,  
The creatures of a day,  
In confidence draw nigh to thee ?  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

Moments of life fly quickly past,  
But whisper as they fly ;  
The next that comes may be our last,  
Lord, teach us how to die !

Poor pilgrims on a thorny road,  
And batter'd with the blast !  
O grant us grace, Almighty God,  
And land us safe at last.

## DEATH.



DEATH no kindred pity knows,  
Sweeping with unwelcome speed ;  
Lays the fairest flower that blows  
Level with the rankest weed.

Beauty drest in all its charms,  
Spreading wide its dazzling sway ;  
Helpless drops into his arms,  
Mould'ring down to common clay.

Heroes redden'd o'er with blood,  
Bold in deeds of chivalry,  
Shrink, as common cowards would,  
At the near approach of thee.

Lost in one promiscuous heap,  
Learning, wit, and beauty fall ;  
Quiet in consuming sleep,  
Death shuts up the eyes of all.

And soon on me, poor tottering me,  
Pale death will lay his icy hand ;  
Though cold yet welcome, if it be  
To lead me to a better land.

Roll on, ye gathering storms of fate,  
The power that bids you rage awhile ;  
That power can bless, tho' soon or late,  
My last departure with a smile.

## STANZAS IN AFFLICTION.



LORD of all things ! hear my prayer,

Let thy gracious will be done,

Save ! O save me from despair,

Sin's desert and Satan's snare,

Through the merits of thy Son.

Sickness, should it prove my lot,

If without, I go astray ;

Chastening love-strikes spare them not,

Till heaven grows bright, and earth forgot

In lessening distance fades away.

Oh ! this cleaving to the dust,  
Cleanse my recreant heart anew ;  
Jesus suffered, Christians must,  
Lest wanting trial of their trust,  
They prove their want of sonship too.

Warbling with soft syren air,  
Hope, when fix'd below, deceives ;  
Though at first she promise fair,  
The tempting fruit she seems to bear,  
Soon drops off like wither'd leaves.

There remaineth yet a rest,  
When the toils of life are o'er ;  
Pillow'd on the Saviour's breast,  
O, there remaineth yet a rest,  
Which shall last for evermore.

## A FRAGMENT.

DESPONDING Souls ! too apt to look around,  
O'er the broad world for solace from despair,  
Call back your wandering thoughts ; what find you  
there

But guilt impassion'd like some darkening cloud,  
Portentous of a tempest, marring all  
Your better prospects ? then, oh then, e'en now,  
Call back your wandering thoughts, and fix your  
hopes

Upon the rock of ages ! learn of Him—  
The meek and lowly Jesus ; and at length,  
Your weary souls shall find eternal rest.

ON

## FIRST FEELING A FRETFUL DISPOSITION

UNDER AFFLICTION.

---

WHY should I fret, or why repine ?

'Tis sparing mercy bids me live,  
For every breath I draw is thine,  
And every beating pulse I heave.

And justly might'st thou cut me down,  
And send me howling to the grave,  
Such now, e'en now, had been my own,  
Had Christ not stretch'd his arm to save.

Shield of the guilty, guard me still,  
Sun to enlighten, cheer my way ;  
And guide me to thy holy hill,  
Where glory shines with cloudless ray.

For thou hast pledg'd thy word to save  
The vilest sinners that believe,  
Then bring me gently to the grave,  
And my departing soul receive.

To bask unspotted pure and white,  
Blood-washed, from sin's defilement free,  
To bask for ever in thy sight,  
Blest with the bliss of blessing thee.

•

•

•

## ON WITNESSING A BAPTISM,

AT HEPTONSTALL-SLACK.

---

WHENCE come those sounds that sweep  
Down from the mountain brow,  
And o'er the lovely valley creep,  
In murmurs soft and slow?      1  
From yonder sacred house of prayer,  
Where late the heather grew,  
A band of pilgrim-saints prepare,  
Their pledges to renew.  
"Go ye baptize," their Maker said,  
And tell the world my groans;

Bid fear upraise the drooping head,  
My blood for sin atones.  
And there the holy band perform,  
The great commandment given  
By Him through whom alone,  
We gain the port of heaven.  
With modest looks and aspect mild,  
The sister sister leads,  
And there, of shivering age beguil'd,  
The lonely matron speeds.  
The friend the kindly hand extends,  
And leads his friend along ;  
The brother o'er the brother bends,  
And moves thro' all the throng.  
And there besides the glittering flood,  
The aged father bends,  
And to his fathers' fathers' God,  
His contrite one commends.  
And while the aged and the young,  
Unto the Lord are given :  
Kind angels swell the best of song,  
Thro' all the vaults of heaven.

.

## TO MR. NICHOLSON,

THE AIREDALE POET.

---

REMEMBEREST thou that fading sun,  
The last I saw with thee?  
When loud we heard the evening gun  
Peal o'er the twilight sea.

The sounds appeared to sweep  
Far o'er the verge of day;  
Till into realms beyond the deep,  
They seem to die away.

Oft when the toils of day are done,  
In pensive dreams of thee,  
I sit to hear that evening gun  
Peal o'er the stormy sea.

“ And while o’er billows curl’d,  
The distant sounds decay ;  
I weep and wish from this rough world,  
Like them to die away.”

Thy wish to fade from this rough world,  
Like them to die away ;  
But is it that its waves are curl’d,  
Thou penn’st the mournful lay.

Or dost thou thy sad state bemoan,  
And seek’st to be forgiven ;  
And pray’st—through him that did atone,  
The prayer that’s heard in heaven.

Thy fame shall future ages tell :—  
But Grace can raise thee higher :—  
O ask it then !—for who can dwell  
With everlasting fire ?

These well-meant breathings from a friend,  
O gifted Bard, receive :  
And peaceful be thy latter end,  
And calm as summer’s eve.

## SONNET.

(MOONLIGHT EVENING.—NEIGHBOURING CHURCHYARD.)

---

BEAUTIFUL moon ! with fitful radiance shining,  
Threading thy cloudy pathway through the sky,  
How soft the shadows and the lights combining,  
Play seeming antics where the dead do lie ;—  
Noiseless and still, and hidden in the grave,  
No cares disturb them, and the beating wave  
No longer rolls across the troubled breast  
Of sorrow's child,—that late-while bowed the knee,  
And dropt the tear, and heav'd the broken sigh.—  
I heard her pray, beside yon grassy mound ;  
Thy name, O God ! for ever great shall be,  
And endless ages shall thy praise resound.—  
Then, ceasing, wing'd her spirit's flight, to regions of  
the blest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the  
weary are at rest.

INVITATION TO SPRING.  

---

PRITHEE, cold wind, get away,  
Thou hast forgotten, I dare say,  
It is the merry month of May,  
And there is neither grass nor hay,  
So prithee, cold wind, get away.

And come along, O ! gentle Spring,  
Pretty little shamefaced thing,  
Why art thou so lingering,  
When the Cuckoo waits to sing ?  
Then, come along, O ! gentle Spring.

What ! backward yet, and can it be,  
That God is frowning angrily ;  
And smiting herb, fruit, flower, and tree,  
For evils done by you and me ?  
Then let us pray it may not be.

It may not be, then be at ease,  
For God in mercy still decrees  
Seed-time and harvest shall not cease,  
Nor earth withhold her large increase,  
Be thankful, then, and be at ease.

'Tis not our province to complain  
Of too much sun or little rain,  
Tho' frost and snow return again,  
And nip the rising blades of grain,  
'Tis not our province to complain.

Great God ! all at thy feet we bow,  
If we have thought, or when, or how,  
One single blade of grass should grow,  
Pardon the impious feeling now,  
For who can say—"What doest Thou?"

SONG OF PRAISE.

---

BLESSED be the Lord for ever,  
 Blessed be his glorious name ;  
 Source of every good and giver,  
 Everlastingly the same.

Strong to save and to deliver,  
 Thus to know thee as thou art,  
 Peace will flow just like a river,  
 Springing up in every heart.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

---

WHEN some few months or years at most,  
Again have pass'd away,  
My spirit will be saved or lost,  
My body mix'd with clay,

By sudden stroke or slow decline\*,  
Or long enduring smart ;  
Grim death will seize this frame of mine,  
And bid me hence depart.

Not yet the tempting world replies,  
There's comfort still in store ;  
And many a tract of country lies,  
Which thou must yet explore.

Not yet delusive is the thought,  
And sinful the desire ;  
Too dear such pleasures to be bought,  
Which in pursuit expire.

Already I've outliv'd a crowd,  
Of what were gay compeers ;  
And sorrows like a spreading cloud,  
Increase with growing years.

Then let my soul redeem the time,  
To me in mercy given ;  
And dying reach that happier clime,  
My Father's home in heaven.

## A PRAYER FOR PEACE,

WRITTEN DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR.



BEFORE thine awful throne we bow,  
The rich, the poor, the high, the low,  
And day by day,  
We humbly pray ;  
Lord grant us peace.

The withering sin of unbelief,  
Brings in its train the warrior-chief,  
And all the ills  
Ambition wills ;  
Lord grant us peace.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done.

When Christians all unite in one,

And love is law,

It will be so ;

Lord grant us peace.

And pour on Britain's favoured isle,

The light of thy protecting smile ;

Our help in need,

Now great indeed ;

Lord grant us peace.

## Sketches.



### THE HYPOCRITE.

No. I.

---

HE's a mask on his face, and a stain on his hands,  
And subscribes to a creed which he ne'er understands,  
Deals largely in tattle, yet meanly pretends  
'Tis a duty imposed by his patrons and friends,  
Devout in appearance, but loose in his talk,  
And alive to the ribald extremes of a joke,  
He affirms what he knows not, hints this thing and  
that,  
Just as easy to him as the twirl of his hat.  
He lives and he prospers, though strange it may be,  
While slandering his neighbours far better than he,  
A moment looks serious, the reason is clear,  
He sees something in black like the parson draw near.

## THE HYPOCRITE

No. II.

---

HE walks with a stick, though he's healthy and strong  
Which he quavers about as he passes along ;  
Indignant he turns him aghast from the poor,  
But complaisantly raps at the rich person's door ;  
On Sundays, at service, though late he is there,  
And covers his face with his hat for a prayer,  
Instinctively turns up the white of his eyes,  
While his belly still yearns for its wonted supplies,  
His watch or his snuff-box divert during prayer,  
His fingers a comb which he rakes through his hair ;  
Thus it is, thus it has been, and thus it will be,  
Till religion, less slipshod, resolves to be free.

.

## BEREAVEMENT.

A SONNET.

No. I.

---

THE birds at eve resume their wonted nest,  
By nature's hymnings cradled into rest,  
The stars in turns adown the western sky,  
In farewell twinklings seem to say good bye ;  
Alone I sit and nightly vigils keep,  
O'er past endearments who can fail to weep ?  
While busy memory conjures up anew,  
How meekly the " departed one " withdrew, <sup>13</sup>  
Her every thought from all concernment here,  
And nothing found deserving of a tear ;  
How mild that wish breath'd in her parting sigh,  
Weep not for me, for I rejoice to die,  
And I am happy :—come then weal or woe,  
Great Spirit ! teach us all, that we ourselves may know.

## SONNET,

No. II.

---

WHATE'ER my station, or whate'er my birth,  
Whate'er my prospects, joyously serene,  
Or dark forebodings cloud the distant scene;  
Melting at woe, let pity lead me forth  
To learn her tender lessons; from the cheek  
Of pallid sorrow, wipe the stray-born tear,  
Which tyrant man has caused to tremble there:  
And twine young hopes round hearts which else  
might break  
In sullen anguish:—but when heaven decrees,  
The way of trial is the way to peace;  
I lay the nurtur'd germ of promise low,  
Close the cold grave, and in submission bow;  
Yet, when alone, such heaving thoughts abound,  
I stand and gaze upon that burial ground.

ALFRED.

---

WE loved him well, and he deserved our love,  
Guileless and unsuspecting, he pursued  
His onward course ; and with an eye of faith  
Unwavering fix'd ; outreached the heavenly prize.  
Honest of purpose, low in self esteem,  
Within the precincts of his native home,  
Wisely contented ; for of such as he  
The bustling world but little seeks to know,  
Patient in suffering and serenely mild  
A stranger to the wily ways of men ;  
A little while he paced upon this earth,  
And came and went, then went, but came no more. <sup>14</sup>

AN ADDRESS TO THE POLES.  

---

FIGHT on, brave Poles, tyrannic wrong  
O'er land and sea has triumph'd long,  
Unsheath the blade and point the steel,  
And make the haughty Russian feel;  
And teach the untaught Cossack clan  
Respect for all the rights of man,  
Or nobly choose a hero's grave,  
To the vile life of crouching slave.

And though my spirit breathes of peace,  
My leaping heart would scorn to freeze,  
But boldly meet the battle fray,  
And help to break your chains away.  
Though long in secret grief I've mourn'd,  
The cause of freedom spurn'd and scorn'd,  
In treaties without right confirm'd  
To blot your nation from the world.

Though long has secret heart-felt pray'r  
Been sent to heav'n and noted there,  
Yet now upon the passing gale,  
Hope whispers, we shall soon prevail.  
And groaning millions still be blest,  
Who nightly weep themselves to rest ;  
And Liberty's broad flag unfurl'd,  
Wave in glad triumph o'er the world.

A FATHER'S PRAYER.

---

To thee, Almighty God, we bow,  
And supplicate before thy throne ;  
'Tis thine to grant, O grant it now,  
And make our children all thine own.

Save them from sin's delusive snares,  
Those slippery sandhills of deceit ;  
That they in answer to our prayers,  
With us at thy right hand may meet.

Our bowels yearn—we would not go,  
    Grey-headed, mourning to the grave;  
'Twould smooth the bed of death to know  
    Our children own'd thy power to save.

The world has little to bestow,  
    That little we have bought too dear,  
And wondered much how thorns could grow  
    Where nought but roses did appear.

Too late with shame we must confess,  
    We sought to know thy holy name,  
'Twould greatly add to our distress,  
    To find our children do the same.

THE OPPRESSED ONE.  

---

It is my lot to weep and sigh,  
As through this dreary world I go ;  
Yet when I'm met by prying eye,  
Look cheerful to conceal my woe.

Afflictions haunt me like a ghost,  
And knaves pursue me as their prey ;  
At times I give up all for lost,  
And would indeed, but cannot pray !

My scanty means no more supply  
My children's piercing cries for bread ;  
And curs'd with more than wish to die,  
The wish to be already dead.

Faint murmurs flitting on the gale  
Of measures fram'd for poor man's need,  
Pall like some boasting coward's tale,  
That gives the telling for the deed.

Yet round my dark and wayward path,  
Hope beams betimes a kindly ray,  
And bids me through these showers of wrath,  
Look forward to a brighter day.

Sweet Seraph ! cheer me with thy smile,  
Bid fell despair at once depart ;  
Then ' midst privation, toil, and care,  
I'll bless thee with a thankful heart.

## LINES,

DEPRECATING THE WAR MANIA.

---

O THAT the world had feeling, man for man,  
That woes might cluster less around his heart,  
Or fall less weighty on his aching breast.  
Misfortune (softened by the tender tear  
Dropt from the eye of pity), yet looks up  
In welcome expectation, and the smile  
Of patient hope sits trembling on the cheek,  
Inviting full possession, till at length  
That smile gains for her sister, Cheerfulness,  
A settled dwelling there—but luckless oft  
The spirit breaks, met by the barbarous scorn  
Of such as never feel—— \* \* \* \*

O ye who can, forgive me, for my heart  
Burns with indignant ire that such a brute  
Should be saluted with the name of man.  
O that the world were happy, Oh, vain wish,  
Sin, like a wrath-fed demon, vomits forth  
A pestilential vapour o'er the land,  
And taints our very breath ; at his approach  
Hope flies with languid look, and fell despair  
Receives a maddening impulse from his sway ;  
At his command, war's horrifying cry  
Is utter'd with a wild and fierce delight,  
And horrid slaughter quick ensues.  
Ambition hears, with self complacent crest,  
The welcome whisper which concludes at once  
That thousands, moving in the quiet walks  
Of humbler life, live to be grasp'd at, crush'd,  
And made to feel Oppression's iron hand,  
Or bent with service for the tramping fag  
Of tyrant lust to spring from, to that height  
Where pride grows dizzy, and then tumbles down.

JOHN BULL.

---

WHILE some with knights-errant and prowess,  
And goblins and sprites fill their songs ;  
I sing of what has been and now is,  
Respecting John Bull and his wrongs :  
For John's been long sick and ill treated,  
By crafty state-quacks, and pretenders ;  
And the ends of his Being defeated,  
To serve the own ends of his menders.

To war with the French went the ninnies !  
And John went as small as a taper ;  
For they rifled his pockets of guineas,  
And fed him with nothing but paper.  
And then came the blaze of a peace !  
With promis'd exemption from troubles ;  
But John felt his weakness increase,  
For his blood had been barter'd for bubbles !!

Then Pitt, with his system of tapping,  
    Gave specious appearance of health ;  
And John for a while fell a napping,  
    And dreamt of abundance of wealth ;  
But John, from his slumber awaking,  
    Discovered that all was not right ;  
For he felt a sad ague-like shaking,  
    And complain'd of a dimness of sight.

Then forth comes the last " Quarter's Table,"  
    Those mirrors of matchless contriving !  
Where John might gaze long, to be able  
    To learn how he'd lessen'd by thriving ! !  
Then Corn Laws were hatch'd as a measure,  
    Lest John should be surfeited nearly ;  
And they shew'd at large crops their displeasure,  
    By pinching his crop most severely.

And yet, these state-doctors, unheeding  
    Opinions within and without ;  
When John with good cheer wanted feeding,  
    They starv'd him like one in the gout !  
And great is the marvel, I judge it,  
    That John has escap'd dissolution :—

No thanks to a "forth-coming budget,"  
But thanks to his sound Constitution.

And now when Old John would be mending,  
With treatment he's long had a right to ;  
The Huntites would kill him !—pretending  
He mends not as fast as he might do.  
But Old English hearts will cry, Fie on't !—  
And Reform for their betters make room :  
And John shall arise like a giant,  
When his hide has been scour'd with a Brougham.

But some have imbib'd an opinion,  
The scouring will do him no good ;  
It may be,—they sigh for dominion,  
They're so shy at declaring what would.—  
Sweet land of my Fathers ! I bless thee,  
And my heart swells with joy at the thought,  
When Tyrants no more shall oppress thee,  
But Liberty spread as it ought.

## LINES ADDRESSED TO LORD \* \* \*

IN REPLY TO A LETTER OF CONDOLENCE. 15

---

WELL pleas'd I feel 'mid azure skies :—  
And many such to thee be given,  
That thoughts within thy breast can rise,  
Tinging with earth the hues of heav'n.

With doubts and fears and clouds behind,  
Attendants on the care-worn frame,  
It soothes with sympathy to find,  
Thy noble spirit feels the same.

When o'er thy mind such thoughts can steal,  
 Born to be useful and be blest,  
 What must the suffering thousands feel,  
 Who smile to hide an aching breast.

No sounds of mirth their cares beguile,  
 Nor soothing cadence from the lyre,  
 They rise to unavailing toil,  
 They mourn in silence and retire.

O for that day's eternal dawn,  
 The cloudless sunshine of the breast,  
 The long farewell to every groan,  
 The joy, the triumph and the rest.

## EIGHTEEN FORTY-EIGHT.

---

WHAT's the old world doing now,  
Keeping up a constant rout ;  
Whirling kings like common things,  
Round about, and round about,  
Mending matters there's no doubt.

Crowns are baubles made of old,  
When nations walk'd in leading strings ;  
And yet in France 'mid freedom's dance,  
Where the boasted "*Viva*" rings,  
All are fighting to be kings.

And here at home though peace be kept,  
More genial suns must surely shine ;  
Or the rough gait of forty-eight,  
Will be transferr'd to forty-nine,  
And we shall amble off the line.

For when commotion lifts her head,  
Fair commerce feels an inward smart,  
And plays at trying to be dying,  
Of a sadly broken heart,  
Panic-fits or gluttoned mart.

Hence many hearts are bleeding now  
And hope has but a short-lived date ;  
And mock reforms have gender'd storms  
Whelming in one common fate  
Both the little and the great.

And though religion hovering near,  
Still seeks a place whereon to rest,  
'Mid the scorner and adorer,  
'Mid the care-worn and distress'd,  
Hard to find the willing guest.

Meanwhile, Jehovah in his anger,  
Shakes the nations from afar ;  
Let Britons fear, lest even here,  
He ride upon his fiery car,  
And scourge us rebels as we are.

## A MID-APRIL, BLACKPOOL,

1852.

---

ONCE, if not often, in my life,  
I took a trip to please my wife ;  
Despite of weather and what not,  
And Blackpool was the chosen spot.  
It matters not to tell at large,  
How we arrived by 'buss or barge ;  
No sooner landed than we saw,  
Two patient Donkeys eating straw.  
Rough saddled for a dainty ride,  
At each convenience of the tide,  
But fancy thought she heard them say  
No work of that sort here to day,  
It is almost too cold to bray.

The beach is lonely, and the hotels  
Bemoan the want of beaux and belles ;  
Yet strangely met, some eight or ten,  
Of average health, as aged men,  
Pace up and down it, now and then ;  
Their hats with care securely tied,  
Their grey locks rudely blown aside ;  
By every keen relentless blast,  
In fitful howlings sad and drear,  
Proclaiming time's uncheck'd career ;  
The knell of joys that cannot last,  
Departing and for ever past.

'Tis bitter cold yet on the deep,  
Submissive stillness seems to sleep ;  
The birds themselves, though grey with dust,  
Make God their uncomplaining trust,  
While man exclaims in lordly pride,  
Discomfort reigns on every side ;  
Too wild to walk, too cold to ride.  
If venturing out we nothing meet,  
Save stray policeman on his beat ;  
Dim shadowed 'mid the dusty street,  
So you may guess our wretched plight,

And justly say it serves us right ;  
So says the wind, for past my reach,  
My hat is whirling o'er the beach.

The sand drives through the window sill,  
The eastern winds prevailing still ;  
And in the fields the blacken'd grass,  
Blights the fond hope of patient ass ;  
And stunted flower-buds ask in vain  
For cheering sun or welcome rain ;  
Yet hope is all inspiring still,  
And in-door labour seems to say,  
That Blackpool will again be gay ;  
Meanwhile across the mind, alas !  
Foreboding thoughts of future pass.  
How (granting showers of blessing sent,)  
Will Blackpool Sabbath days be spent ? <sup>16</sup>  
Great God ! thy mercy knows no end,  
Or Sabbaths we had none to spend.

“THE WOODS ARE TURNING BROWN.”

AN INVITATION TO MR. HORNER.

---

THE woods are turning brown,  
And I am sick and sad ;  
And many a weary day I've pass'd  
As ever mortal had.

The woods are turning brown,  
And I am better now,  
I've got no blister on my breast,  
No throbbing on my brow.

The woods are turning brown,  
    “ Guy Fawkes ” is drawing nigh,  
To grant us all a short reprieve,  
    Perhaps an April sky.

Then while the woods are brown,  
    Come range them o'er with me ;  
Haply some lesson we may learn,  
    And wiser, better be.

## SONNET.

ON A VISIT TO WAINSGATE, TO HEAR THE

REV. WM. FAWCETT.  

---

THIS silent grave-yard on the mountain's breast,  
Where storm and sunshine in succession play  
Fantastic freaks, wearing old Time away,—  
Retains the mouldering ashes of the blest,  
The high, the lowly, and, among the rest,  
The good, the great, the Fawcett of my song,—  
Who from this pulpit awed the listening throng,  
Unworn from my remembrance on this day,  
When public duty beckons me to pay  
A stranger's visit ; what a pleasing sight !  
The grandson fills the holy grandsire's place,  
The son sits sharing the suffused delight,  
And yet it seem'd to retrospective gaze  
As if the dead was preaching there that night.

## HEAVEN.

---

HEAVEN is a place of joy and rest,  
Where holy Spirits dwell,  
And all that live therein are blest,  
Beyond what tongue can tell.

• Heaven is that pure delightful place,  
Where praise is sung so sweet,  
Where saints behold the Saviour's face,  
And worship at his feet.

It is that land of joy and rest,  
Where sorrow cannot come,  
And those who dwell therein above,  
Rest in their happy home.

O may I reach that happy shore,  
Where saints and angels sing ;  
Then I shall praise for evermore  
My great eternal King !

## SABBATH MORN,

A SONNET.

---

'Twas Sabbath morn,—and musing as I lean'd  
Upon my garden gate, methought I heard  
Sweet, far-off music, but made sweeter far,  
As oft a dying stillness intervened  
So soft, so pure, so holy—that it stirr'd  
My very soul to rapture. All the war  
And angry tumult of a week-day scene  
Was then unfelt, as though it ne'er had been :  
The air was still, the sky serene and clear ;  
Transfix'd and mute, I dropp'd the silent tear ;  
For the soft cadence from the *House of Prayer*  
Swept o'er the *graves of kindred* buried there,  
And sweetly mournful in a world like this,  
Gave a rich foretaste of eternal bliss.

## LAST STANZAS,

BY E. ELLIOT.



THY notes, sweet Robin, soft as dew,  
Heard soon or late are dear to me ;  
I could to music bid adieu,  
But not to thee.

And now my soul is on the wing,  
Where'er my mouldering ashes be ;  
Primrose, sweet harbinger of Spring,  
Return to me.

ADDENDA,

BY J. MOSS.

---

THY voice, dear Saviour, soft as dew,  
 Still whispering peace is sweet to me ;  
 I could to all things bid adieu,  
 But not to thee.

And dying now as soon I must,  
 And cease at once from earth to be ;  
 Saviour, in whom is all my trust,  
 Be thou with me.

## THE DYING SMILE. 17

---

WHAT meant that dying smile,  
Amid the hour of sadness ?  
The living weeping all the while,  
The dying fill'd with gladness !

Were angels from mistake,  
Too early on their way ?  
Or sent with a heavenly hallowed touch,  
To part the dying clay !

With a soft farewell he died,  
Nor sigh nor sob bestowing,  
Tho' father and mother stood beside,  
There was no earthly knowing !

And yet that dying smile  
Still play'd on the lips so free ;  
Were the outbursting glories of heaven,  
Then vision'd alone by thee ?

Seen through a parent's tears,  
That dying smile is given,  
A rainbow gleam that just appears,  
And tells of hope and heaven !

A gracious glance at parting,  
To chide forbidden tears,  
A beckoning spark of glory,  
Emitted from the skies.

It beams upon the brow,  
The eyes with its radiance quiver,  
Too brightly for mortal to gaze on, and now  
It is gone from the earth for ever.—

In truth, I lov'd thee well,  
And mourn'd the sad parting awhile,  
Then come at some lonely hour and tell,  
What meant that dying smile.

## STANZAS,

TO A FLOWER.

---

PRETTY flower ! I pity thee !  
For the wind is rising high !  
And the dark grey clouds portend,  
That a pelting storm is nigh ;  
Thou hast spread thy opening charms  
On the treacherous lap of May,  
Soon thy withered form will show  
That she smil'd but to betray.  
Thus a youth address'd a flower ;  
Thus the flower in turn replies,  
Forward, unsuspecting youth,  
Learn in silence to be wise,  
Then, though batter'd much like me,  
Constant sunshine be not given,  
All the storms of trial o'er,  
Thou shalt brighter bloom in heaven.

---

THE PILGRIM'S PRAYER.

---

WHILE journeying through this thorny wild,  
To pilgrims here beset with ill ;  
Teach me, O God ! a wayward child,  
Submission to thy holy will.

If in this desert should appear  
Some wild rose tempting to the view,  
Give me to dread some danger near,  
And every rising lust subdue.

Should toil prove toilsome to the flesh,  
Let me with patience still abide,  
Gaze on thy bleeding wounds afresh,  
And drink salvation from thy side.

Thus onward to my journey's end,  
Let all sufficient grace be given ;  
While leaning on the sinner's friend  
I safely reach the port of heaven.

## MY LAST LINES.

---

OH ! that I could this world resign,  
Its pomps, its vanities, and pride ;  
And make the suffering Saviour mine,  
And hide me in his wounded side,  
And hear the gathering storm roll by,  
Without a shudder or a sigh,  
Then peaceful die.



## NOTES.

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NOTE 1—Page 13.

*"Man fadeth like the passing flower."*

James Moss, the subject of the above elegy, was for many years one of the Deacons of the Baptist Church, Hebden-bridge, when Dr. Fawcett was pastor. Between him and the Dr. there existed a long and intimate friendship, terminated only by death. He had a refined taste for music, and conducted in the worship of song. His services in this department were deemed almost indispensable. He was remarkable for the energetic manner in which he conducted the choir, singing heartily, "as unto the Lord." After Dr. Fawcett's death, the Church was supplied for some time by one Mr. Stephens, a talented preacher from Rochdale, who before his conversion, was accustomed to appear upon the stage. Between my grandfather and him there was soon exhibited a mutual regard. An anecdote of them is related to this effect; that on one occasion Mr. Stephens passing by, and observing him busily engaged in the toils of life, remarked with seriousness, "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God," and then passed on his way. It was a word fitly spoken, and served for profitable meditation and support along many a weary journey.

*"There remaineth yet a rest,  
When the toils of life are o'er,  
Pillow'd on the Saviour's breast,  
Which shall last for evermore."*

His death, which was lingering and painful, occurred April, 1827. It was about this time that our Dear Father wrote to James Montgomery, and received from that gentleman the following interesting letter:—

“Sheffield, July 12th, 1827.

“Dear Sir,

“I have to thank you, and I do it cordially, for your kindness in furnishing me with copies of your truly affecting verses on the happy release of your father from his sufferings in this life, which, no doubt, to him was release from all suffering for ever, and admittance into that land of rest and peace with love and joy beyond what spirits groaning in the body can attain, which the Lord hath laid up for those who fear him and keep his commandments. Though I can offer no other advice respecting publication than I gave at first; I can say, for your encouragement, that you need not be ashamed of such compositions as you have sent me. It cannot indeed be expected that they should engage much of the attention of a giddy or censorious world. Poems of far greater power, on sacred subjects, would fail to do this; but if, at any favourable time you are enabled to bring your various pieces of this kind out, they cannot fail, at least, to give pleasure to your friends and neighbours, who may subscribe for copies. I am sure I, for one, shall be willing to be pleased, and pleased because willing. I ought long ago to have made these acknowledgments, but have been much from home, and laboriously occupied, I may say, as well as anxiously occupied, in bringing out a volume of poems of my own, with little prospect of great success.

I am yours truly,

J. MONTGOMERY.”

NOTE 2—Page 36.

“*I thought his painted coffin grand.*”

These lines were composed about 40 years ago; and though they might be called simple rhymes, yet they embody the sentiments which never appeal to the masses in vain. “The Orphan Boy” has been printed by thousands, sung and sold in almost every town and village in the kingdom, sometimes under one title and then another. Often have I seen women

standing in the doors of their houses, with children in their arms, listening with interest—tears bedewing their eyes—to some poor boy singing with apparent feeling—“No friends no home has he.” An incident, not unworthy of record, may be related in illustration of the line, “I thought his painted coffin grand.” The day before the funeral of our dear father, his little grand-daughter—who by her innocent prattle and playful gambols, beguiled many a weary hour—came into the room where his corpse lay, and enquired “Where’s Grand-pa?” All present being too much affected to reply, she repeated her question, and then, without waiting for reply, said to herself, “Gone to Heaven;” at the same time playing with the brass handles of the coffin, bringing forcibly to mind his own line, “I thought, &c.”

NOTE 3—Page 54.

*“O! knew ye not this simple-hearted man?”*

The Rev. George Dean, General Baptist Minister, for many years at Linc-holme, near Todmorden, was quite puritanical in life, appearance and manners. He was remarkable for his love of peace, his very countenance beaming with benignity and good-will. Like his master he went about doing good; he was eminently a pastor. His pulpit ministrations were of no mean order, but truly practical and useful to the last. In one of his missions of mercy he was directing a poor girl the right way, missed his own, and fell floundering in the flood. He was found some days after in the river, many miles from home. “How many fall as sudden, not as safe!”

NOTE 4—Page 59.

*“For like a wounded lamb hast thou come home to die!”*

Thos. Ackroyd, some time student at the General Baptist Academy, Loughborough, was a young man of great promise. Sent by the church at Heptonstall Slack to the Academy, he had scarcely completed his studies when want of health compelled him to relinquish his long and fondly cherished hopes of engaging in the ministry. He returned home and died in the bosom of his family. Thus in the arrangements of an inscrutable Providence, it sometimes happens that those who seem every way suited to occupy a place in the vineyard of the Lord, are suddenly transplanted to bloom in the Paradise above.

## NOTE 5—Page 62.

The Rev. Henry Hollingrake, General Baptist Minister, Birchcliffe, was a remarkable instance of what a great amount of good may be done in a single life, and that too without the aid of either great learning or splendid talents. He preached for many years to numerous congregations gathered from the neighbouring hills, in a plain homely and practical style, and was understood and made useful where men of greater talent might perhaps have laboured in vain. He was universally beloved for his kindliness of disposition. His means, at no time very abundant, have often been made subservient to the wants of the poor of the flock; but why attempt an eulogium, after the monody on his death?

## NOTE 6—Page 66.

*Befitted as he was to lighten my cares.\**

When our dear brother, Moorhouse, died, our Father, ever too ready to despond, feared he would scarcely ever be able to manage the school so well, for he had become very useful, especially in the higher branches of Mathematics, Music, &c., in which he excelled. He frequently prosecuted his studies till midnight—unknown of course to his parents—which, no doubt, greatly injured his health. He was indeed “a bud of promise fair.” On the reverse of the card on which these lines were printed, is the following inscription:—

### Sacred to the Memory of

MOORHOUSE MOSS,

*Who departed this life, Nov. 28th, 1833, in the 20th year of his age:*

A stranger to deeds of parental disobedience,  
He united an exquisite taste for  
Music and the Fine Arts,  
to a profound  
Knowledge of the Mathematics;  
The Virtues that dignify the Man, to the Graces that  
adorn the Christian.

\* \* \* \* \* *He was*  
*A bud of promise fair, so very fair,*  
*That death pass'd by and nipp'd it; then he droop'd*  
*And gently breath'd himself away, and died—*  
*A beautiful departure.*

## NOTE 7—Page 67.

On Wednesday, May 23d, 1827, James Shackleton (of the Greave) was cruelly murdered in his own dwelling. The base villains, his murderers, knowing the loneliness of the place &c., entered the house under a pretence of buying cows. They immediately demanded his money, which he gave them. Being apparently satisfied, they were about leaving the old man, when, unfortunately, he called upon his nephew John; and upon the murderers hearing this they turned, and said with an oath, "shoot him, shoot him," when one of the villains perpetrated the awful deed, leaving him weltering in his blood. The murderers have never yet been discovered.

## NOTE 8—Page 93.

Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury, was descended of a family anciently of the name of Tilston, of Tilton, in Cheshire, and born at Sowerby, in the parish of Halifax, in Yorkshire, about the beginning of October, 1630.

## NOTE 9—Page 99.

*"O where shall the poor man look forward for help?"*

These lines were written during the Corn Law agitation, and copies of them were sold at the Anti-Corn Law Bazaar. Although the Author was not a party man, yet he sympathised deeply with the movement of repeal, looking upon it not as a merely fiscal question, but as one of taxing—or untaxing—the poor man's bread. One hundred copies were sent to the Bazaar, and the following letter received from Mrs. Massie:—

"Broughton, 13th Jan., 1842.

"Sir,

"I had the pleasure to receive your stanzas on the Corn Law, and would have replied sooner, but no Committee Meeting having been held till to-day since your letter reached, I could not, of course, lay it before the ladies. It was read before a committee of 70, and I should hope, duly appreciated. A vote of thanks was moved by Mrs. Beard, and seconded by Mrs. Armstrong, to the unknown 'native of Manchester,' for his touching and heart-rending stanzas on the Corn Law, and his very generous offer of 100 copies of the same, together with other articles for sale at the Bazaar.

"Should you not have a preference for any other lady's stall, I shall

feel proud to give a prominent place to the profusions of your pen and pencil, at mine. The bags, I presume, are the work of a wife, a sister, or some female friend; as such I shall place an additional value on them.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your very obliged servant,

ISABELLA MASSIE."

NOTE 10—Page 152.

The Rev. Wm. Butler was many years Minister of the General Baptist Church, Heptonstall-Slack—a very popular and useful preacher, possessing a clear, full, and musical voice. It was quite a treat to listen to him, even in the ordinary reading of the scriptures. His constitution, physical and mental, seemed suddenly to give way: and in the midst of his days and usefulness, and his heart fully in his work, he had to be laid aside. This was a painful providence, yet patiently submitted to by his servant, who calmly waited his appointed time till his change came.

*"They do his will; who stand and wait."*

NOTE 11—Page 161.

*"My house is crack'd, &c."*

The above lines owe their origin to a remark made by the Rev. John Farrar, a popular, yet rather eccentric preacher in the Wesleyan connexion. He was father of the late Rev. E. Farrar, late an able minister of the same body, and of the Rev. John Farrar, Secretary to the Conference for the last three years. He was speaking on one occasion, of false, ungrounded hopes; they have no good foundation, said he—they are like my neighbour Moss's house, which is crack'd.

*"But there are more things crack'd beside  
My cottage and myself."*

NOTE 12—Page 173.

THE ECHO.

This piece was considered by the Author himself as one of his best productions. It was written during a visit to his son Moorhouse, who was an invalid at that time at Matlock. The scenery between Buxton and Matlock is exceedingly romantic and beautiful, and at some points the valley becomes very contracted, the hills appearing on either side in majestic grandeur.

At the closest part of the valley, the guard of the mail-coach was wont to blow his horn, and the echo was literally repeated amongst the surrounding hills. It was under these circumstances—mournful yet not hopeless—that these lines were written. How consolatory the thought, that in the prospect of dissolution—for his son Moorhouse was not expected to recover—there was “hope for the mourner.”

*“A balm for his sorrow, a smile for his grief,  
If beautiful scenes like the present shall vanish,  
Where—where shall we look for a certain relief?  
O! fly, said my soul, to the feet of my Saviour,  
Believe in his mercy, for pardon now pray;  
With him there is fulness of joy and salvation,  
Thy gladness shall live and shall never decay!  
The echo said sweetly—‘shall never decay.’”*

NOTE 13—Page 208.

*“How meekly the departed one withdrew.”*

This beautiful sonnet referred to our dear sister Esther, who departed this life in peace, August 20th, 1855. Her sufferings were very great, but endured with great resignation to the Divine will. When her end drew near, the family were gathered around her bed weeping for their loss; when she begged of them not to weep—“Do not cry for me, I am happy,” said she, “I am not afraid to die.” The following lines, almost impromptu, were written by her dear father for her funeral card.

*Darts of pain and pangs of aching,  
Long endur'd, have ceas'd at last;  
And the sleep that knows no waking,  
Waits the great Archangel's blast.*

NOTE 14—Page 210.

*“And came and went—then went, but came no more.”*

This line, not very intelligible at first sight, conveys a very touching allusion to the painful circumstances in which father and son—both afflicted—were at that time placed. Our dear father was confined at Calder House, and not able to go up to Slater Bank to see his son Alfred, who was confined there. Alfred had come down to assist in the school every day, as long as health permitted, but the last time came,—“then he went, but came no more.” He died May 28th, 1859; his father was not able even to attend his funeral.

## NOTE 15—Page 222.

*Lines addressed to Lord \* \* \**

The following stanzas were addressed to Lord Morpeth, now the Earl of Carlisle. What was the occasion of the first correspondence, cannot now be particularly ascertained. It might appear from the subjoined letter, that some lines of his (Lord Morpeth's) had touched a responsive chord in the writer's breast. They were written about three months before his son Moorhouse's death, to whom the noble lord most feelingly refers in the following letter :—

" Aug. 27th, 1833.

" Sir,

" I must return my very sincere acknowledgments for the feeling, and to me very gratifying stanzas, which you have been kind enough to enclose. To have touched a responsive chord in a kindred breast, must give me far more real pleasure than any praise that could be bestowed on my trifling lines, by the unconcerned critic. That your son may be spared to cheer your advancing years, if it suits the purposes of God for you both—which, whatever may turn out must be the best—is my sincere desire.

Your faithful servant and friend,

MORPETH."

## NOTE 16—Page 228.

*" Will Blackpool Sabbath-days be spent ? "*

The writer always paid a strict regard to the sanctity of the Sabbath. Though a daily reader of newspapers, he would have them all put out of sight on the Sabbath. Being sometimes confined to his room at Blackpool, he witnessed with sorrow, the very general desecration of the Lord's Day in that place. The following unfinished piece on Sunday travelling, was found amongst his papers :

*" Were Sabbaths ordain'd for the rail-cheapen'd jaunt ?  
Ye thankless for undeserv'd blessings, avaunt !  
God's temples deserted—himself must abhor it,  
And sooner or later will visit us for it."*

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